

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Reconstruction, in and out of Congress.

It is a matter of congratulation to the country that at last the two Houses of Congress have adopted a measure for the reconstruction of the late rebel States, and their restoration to their forfeited rights in the Union. The act too has been passed in both Houses by such large majorities as to insure its being carried by a two-third vote over the veto of the President, should he return it to Congress without his approval. And even should the President avail himself of the extreme right of not returning the bill to the present Congress at all, on the ground that it was not presented for his approval ten clear days before its adjournment, and thus prevent the bill becoming a law without actually refusing his assent, it is very certain that the succeeding Congress, assembling the day after the expiration of the present one, will immediately proceed to pass a bill even still more stringent than this. Neither Mr. Johnson nor his friends have given the public any intimation of the course he means to adopt, whether to sign the bill, or veto it and let Congress pass it over his veto, or put it in his pocket, and leave legislation on the subject to the succeeding Congress. We hope he will adopt the former of these alternatives. The North is determined that if the South come back, it shall only come back with its teeth drawn and its claws clipped, and this bill is now the mildest measure of restraint we will listen to. If Mr. Johnson is the true friend of the South he will accept these terms as the best that Congress will grant, and perhaps far less onerous than the next will impose; if the friend of the North, he will not thwart this clear expression of their feelings; and if the friend of North and South alike, he will not allow this opportunity of healing the long outstanding bitterness to pass away.

The bill as finally adopted by both Houses, provides:

First—For the division of the ten Southern States into five military districts, each to be under the command of an army general appointed by the President, and for the establishment of martial-law in the said districts.

Second—For the reorganization of the States concerned, in defining a new system of suffrage upon which State conventions are to be elected to make new State constitutions, and State

legislatures, &c., subject to the approval of Congress. Universal male suffrage, whites and blacks, is the system adopted, excepting such persons as have been guilty of treason or rebellion, after having taken an official oath in any capacity to support and defend the constitution of the United States. In other words,

instruction proceedings of the people, even in Texas.

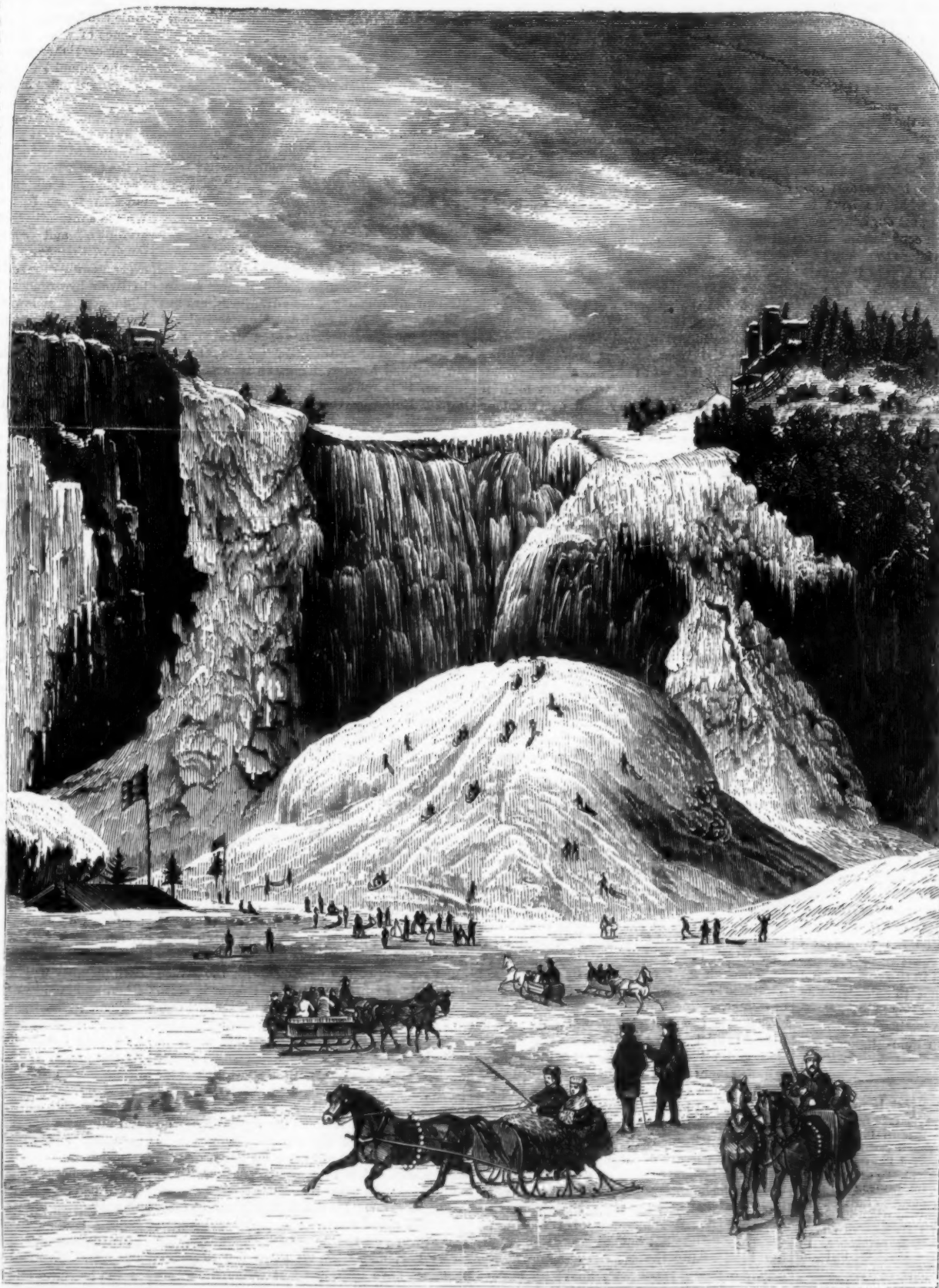
Third—This measure provides that when any one of the ten States concerned shall have framed a State constitution on the terms laid down and shall have ratified the pending constitutional amendment, and when this amend-

civil governments of the several States concerned shall be recognized and accepted by Congress, they shall be regarded as merely provisional (including Mr. Johnson's State establishments) and subject to the will of Congress.

If the South accept this bill in the spirit it is meant, not as a measure of oppression and retaliation, but as a true embodiment of the issues of the late war, that the negroes shall have the same political rights as the white men, they may soon take their place in Washington "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," and do their part in aiding the country to recover from the effects of the cruel and devastating war provoked by their acts. If on the contrary they still sullenly resist, and endeavor, at the instigation of their political leaders, to evade the discipline prepared for them, by appeals to the Supreme Court, and urging their rights under a Constitution they forswore, we see for them only a long period of political disfranchisement, and a still heavier pressure of the hand of the conqueror.

So far reconstruction by Congress extends, but there is yet another species of reconstruction, which is far more effective than that by law. The law may provide for political equality, but every day's experience shows that social equality is beyond its reach. In like manner Congress may legislate the South back into the Union, but the revival of the true fraternal feeling, of the pervading sense of community of interests, of the old family pride in a common ancestry, and in historical traditions once sacred and dear alike to both North and South, is a work which must be remitted to the people and to the people alone. We are convinced that it is in the cultivation of feelings which the unhappy war estranged that a real Union is alone to be based. Politicians may meet and wrangle, or may join hands to divide the spoils of government. But when the people of both sections of the country have determined that heart-burnings shall cease, that the hatchet shall in reality be buried, that mutual revilings and

taunts shall no longer be suffered, the true era of peace will have dawned, and, we fear we must add, not till then. No observant person can be blind to the perils of an union which is political and nothing else. It is difficult to find an exact precedent in history where people speaking a common language, having a com-



THE ICE CONE AT THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, NEAR QUEBEC, C. E.—SEE PAGE 387.

in this preliminary work of Southern reorganization the rebel disabling section of the pending constitutional amendment is applied. As the bill originally passed the Senate this restriction was omitted, under the idea, no doubt, that the loyal negro vote would counter-balance the white rebel vote in these recon-

struction shall have been proclaimed part of the Federal Constitution, such State shall be eligible for readmission into full communion in the general government, all these local proceedings, meantime, being subject to the approval of Congress.

The bill further provides that until the local

mon political organ, a common religion, and governed by identically the same laws, have been separated by an intense and bitter quarrel ending in a lengthened war, and yet have again united under the same government. But there are analogies sufficiently close which may serve us as warnings against rejoicing over the shadow of union when its heart and soul are wanting.

Ireland and Poland rise naturally to the memory of every one. Both these are cases wherein a powerful nation has overcome by arms and sought to absorb into its own nationality an alien race. The alien race resists. It might perhaps have been won by kindness, might have given up its traditions of hatred to the softening influences of justice, lenity and forbearance, but those methods of cure were despised, and the fatal results are now seen. The perfect union of England and Scotland proves that difference of race is no obstacle to a complete and harmonious blending of nations once hating one another as only near neighbors can hate. How and why these two countries, after centuries of warfare, and, after the political union was complete, two bloody rebellions of the weaker against the stronger, became indissolubly united as we now see them, is a study that will well repay those who really desire to know what conciliation really is, and what it can effect.

If the Southerners had not been a valiant and enduring people there could be no glory in the victories of the North. It is the immortal right of all losers in a game to complain, but it is no less the duty and policy of the winner to abstain from taunts, and this the more especially if it is his interest that his opponent should not become his enemy for life. It would be strange indeed if the South should have no feelings of bitterness, no stinging sense of humiliation and defeat. On the other hand, we of the North have suffered, and we cannot instantly forget the insults and obloquy of years. Against what we have to complain of we can, however, set our triumphs, while the South has no such consolation. But does it become us as the victors to annoy and fret our late antagonist with taunts it cannot reply to, and cover it with reproaches for that which it has wiped out with its blood?

In the wars of the middle ages no king has obtained greater renown than he who, riding to meet the king who had been vanquished in battle and taken captive, dismounted from his horse, and placing his kingly prisoner upon it, walked by his side. We do not mean that we are to yield to the South the post of honor, but need we, therefore, run into the other extreme, make their misfortune the butt of our unsparring raillery, and their sufferings the theme of our small jokes? Let their writers amuse themselves at our expense if they like; it is their privilege, and the only one they have; and we do but lower our dignity in the eyes of the world when we descend to angry and useless controversies. And far more than this, we may rely upon it that every harsh word from the North sinks into the sensitive and irritable mind of the South as a cruel wound and an additional wrong, and only postpones the day of peace and reconciliation. We are pained to observe in many of our exchanges this tendency to keep alive old grudges rather than to heal them; to retort on Southern journalists little testy expressions which, if left alone, would die out, but which may be inflamed by contradiction into chronic sores. If there be one thing more strongly taught by history than another, it is that no taunts, no revilings, no oppressive legislation, no dragonnades, ever subdued and, in subduing, reconciled one people to another. You cannot close a wound if you continue to irritate it. The soothing system must come at last; kind words, generous actions, forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries—ay, even though your brother's blood cry for vengeance—in short, oblivion of the past, these only can soothe the wounds we have inflicted on the South; these are the elements of reconstruction in the hands of the people alone—influences not to be ordered or regulated by Congress—superior to all edicts, because they appeal to the instincts of natural justice and to the common humanity of both North and South.

CURIOUSLY enough, it has just been proved that at one time women did vote regularly in New Jersey. Miss Lucy Stone and Miss H. B. Blackwell, citizens of New Jersey, have shown that in 1776 the original State Constitution conferred the franchise on "all inhabitants" (men or women, white or black) possessing fifty pounds clear estate, and qualified by twelve months' residence, and this continued so till 1844. In 1790 the Legislature used the words "he or she" in reference to the voters. In 1797 seventy-five women voted in Elizabethtown for the Federal candidate. In 1800 women generally voted throughout the State, in the Presidential contest between Jefferson and Adams. In 1802 a member of the Legislature was carried in a close contest by the votes of two or three colored women. In 1807 men and women voted generally in a local election in Essex County, and were jointly implicated in very extensive frauds. In 1807-8, the Legislature, in violation of the Constitution, which was not altered till 1844, restricted the voters to white males, excluding women and negroes. In 1820 this provision was repealed, and in 1844 a new Constitution, embodying the same provision, was enacted. New Jersey was in great measure originally a Quaker State.

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NOTICE.

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An Acceptable Present.

WITH NO. 21 OF FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY we give to every purchaser a copy of the beautiful and popular engraving, entitled, "Grant in Peace." It is the same picture that we presented to the buyers of No. 39 OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER, and which enlarged the circulation of that well-known and favorite journal. As it met with such a hearty welcome from the grown-up patrons and parents who patronize the latter publication, we have thought it would be likewise a pleasing gift to all the Boys and Girls who read the WEEKLY. The portrait was photographed expressly for Frank Leslie by Wenderoth & Co., of Philadelphia, and is a fine work of art, worthy of a frame.

The State Canals.

THE rapid change of the fertile prairies of the West into productive farms, with the attendant result of an enormously increased quantity of wheat, corn, flour, beef, pork, and other cereals or provisions, seeking access through our State to the City of New York as the great point of distribution to the different parts, both north and south, of this continent, to the West Indies and to the densely-peopled countries of Europe, is without parallel in ancient or modern history, and may confidently be received as an earnest of a yet more magnificent future. Only one-tenth of the territory of the eight grain-exporting States of the North-West has yet been brought under cultivation, but already its annual production of corn alone is computed in the estimates of the Agricultural Department at Washington to be nearly nine hundred millions of bushels. This grain is raised in the West with so small an outlay of labor that it is said the inhabitants exercise only a prudent economy when they burn it on the cob for fuel rather than cut wood or mine or purchase coal. A saving of ten cents a bushel in freight to New York would probably bring to our markets an additional hundred millions of bushels of corn, while the same facilities by which this result would be obtained would produce similar changes in other departments of our inland imports, besides decreasing the cost of sending our own manufactures or imported merchandise Westward in return, and enabling us to supply other markets with American productions on terms of competition more favorable to our producers at home.

It should be well known to the public that although the Erie Canal, the great link in the line of communication between the sea-coast, the Hudson River and the Western lakes and rivers, with their twenty or thirty thousand miles of inland navigation, will soon become insufficient for the increased demand upon it for freight from the West, whose producers and shippers are strenuously urging the completion of other routes, and especially of that by way of Canada and the St. Lawrence. Hitherto the result of the great practical test has been in our favor, as is shown in the preference given to our route, not only by Western forwarders but by the Canadians themselves, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it is no less the interest of this State than of the West to provide with timely discretion and foresight for the increased business which it is certain we shall enjoy if we duly provide for its reception by the required additions to our facilities for the transportation of freight.

The Erie Canal itself has not only paid to the State all the cost of its original construction and all other expenses of every kind hitherto incurred on its behalf, but has yielded to the public treasury the handsome surplus or profit of at least ten millions of dollars. It is now in an incomplete condition. Although the channel or main body of the canal will permit the passage of large boats propelled by steam-power, and of five or six hundred tons burden, locks interpose and prevent the transit of boats of half the same size. The cost of the required adaptation of the locks is variously estimated: but all concur in admitting that, taking the surplus revenue of the canal for many years past, above all outlays and expenses, as the basis of the calculation, the cost of the proposed changes would be certainly defrayed by the surplus earnings of a few years; while, by the superior economy of using large boats and steam-power on the canal, the rate of freight might be reduced to about one-half of what it is at present, and yet

yield a remunerative profit to the carrier, while the increased amount of freight would justify a considerable diminution in the charges for toll, and produce could be moved to New York, and merchandise be sent Westward in return, at a much higher rate of speed than at present.

We have given, as briefly as possible, an outline of the chief practical points of the case. The whole subject is at once elaborately and plainly treated in the Report of the Honorable Israel T. Hatch, recently presented to Congress. He has ably opened the investigation of one of the most important subjects requiring early attention by the State and nation. It will be further discussed this week by the Legislature at Albany, and probably require the alertness and care of all the friends of the people at the approaching Constitutional Convention.

In concluding his Report, Mr. Hatch appropriately remarks:

"I indulge the hope that the facts and figures presented will be received as additional evidence of the material benefits the nation in all its parts receives from uninterrupted freedom of exchange and transit through every State, and the necessity of duly improving those natural facilities, by which such advantages will be offered alike to producer and consumer as will retain their trade within the United States, strengthening that community of interest by which national sentiment and the spirit of fraternity are perpetuated. The interests of men of every pursuit and the growth of our national revenue will be promoted by such means of intercourse as cheapen the necessities of life to the consumer, while they increase the price paid to the producer."

"The more fairly and comprehensively inquiries are made as to the reciprocal commercial relations of the West and the East, the more clearly will the benefits those great divisions of the country mutually confer on each other be shown, and the more readily must the value of the channels of trade within our own country be appreciated. Such considerations cannot but aid in the progress made toward the full and practical recognition of what should be a fundamental axiom of national union, springing from the very spirit of the Constitution—that each State can, and can only, serve its own interest while promoting the interests of the others by facilitating the means of transit through it. No State should, nor can it in Constitutional spirit, exact any tribute from another as a consequence of any geographical position. Each can and should be content, and more than content, with those advantages which necessarily follow when, after repayment of its own expenditures, the channels of trade naturally belonging to it, or which its own enterprise has created, flow through its territory. Thus mutually aiding and supporting each other, the banded States, strengthened in their union by the omnipotent laws of trade, will stand leagued as a nation for all future time."

Mysterious Diplomacy.

THE days of romance, and that most fascinating of all romances, sea adventures, are not passed away. In these intensely practical and prosaic times, when the fate of political parties, and with that of political parties the future of our national history, hang, as it were, by a thread, it is refreshing to come back to the days of Robinson Crusoe, to tales of perilous adventures by field and flood, of dealings with savages or semi-civilized men, and of that curious kind of trade when ships went on voyages with "pieces of eight" as their cargo, to exchange them when and how the supercargo best could for the advantage of his owners. And it is something to be grateful for that we have a Government which provides these delightful adventures for us, no less than to know that we belong to a generous people, that, in spite of its heavy burdens, does not grudge paying its share of a losing and unprosperous voyage.

If steam had existed in the days of the old buccaners, the Gettysburg would have been fitted out by a company of merchants. Mr. Seward and Admiral Porter would have been joint supercargoes, the one to do the trading with the savages of the Gold Coast or Morocco, the other to look after the navigation and to defend his ship against the attacks of pirates or of the Spaniards, then looked upon as the common enemy who plundered everybody, or as fair game whom everybody who could might plunder. We may be sure the voyage would not have been without its stirring incidents. The crew might mutiny, or try to steal the treasure they knew was concealed in the hold, and then the Defoe of the expedition would tell us how the attempt was defeated and the conspirators were marooned. Not the least pleasant part of the narrative, like Crusoe's adventures after he leaves his island, would be the narrative of the dealings with the savage potentate, to propitiate whose favor in some trade or barter the expedition was fitted out. We should read of the barbaric splendor of his court, perhaps of the display of his wives in the east-off finery of some poor captain's wife, of whose fate no one could tell anything; of his medicine men, and his abominable fetich, without whose leave he could do no business. Of his silly attempts to make the supercargoes do him reverence; of the cunning by which he found out they did not come for ivory, or gold dust alone, but with "ulterior designs," and of how he tried some treacherous trick against them, in revenge for that they burnt his town and then sailed away.

All this forms the theme of what has delighted every boy, and allowing for a few exaggerations we have introduced, it forms the staple of the story with which the public has been amused during the last few days. Only the scene is laid here, the actors are Mr. F. Seward and Admiral Porter, the vessel is the man-of-war Gettysburg, the plundering of the treasure is "founded on fact," and so is the marooning, only on a dissolute and not a deso-

late island; the voyage was made to a barbarous chief to negotiate for a purchase of his domain, and he proved his barbarism in insisting (we are told) on cash down, and that in an amount the negotiators were unable to pay. One strong improbability of the story consists in the statement of the credit of the United States being so low that there can be found so near us as is the West Indies a prince, president, or governor who would refuse to trust engagements made by our special representatives, and would insist on such bailiff-like conditions as cash down. The air of romance wears off, and we suspect we are being made the victims of a hoax, and did we not know from other sources that the Gettysburg had actually been to St. Domingo on a secret mission, and that the distinguished personages we have named were on board, we might have supposed that the whole affair came from the fertile brain of "our special correspondent on the spot."

The President's message to the new Congress may perhaps explain this singular mission, and what its true results have been. If not, would it be impertinent for Congress to inquire how much of the public money was stolen, and what branch of the public service is debited with its loss?

Society at Washington.

In John Adams's correspondence he tells of dining one day with Washington, when the table was furnished with only a bottle of rum, while the host apologized to his guests for the absence of wine, saying that the country was so impoverished by the war of independence that he thought it his duty, as the holder of the highest office in the land, to set the example of frugality and economy.

It seems, from the accounts which reach us daily by mail and by telegraph from the capital, that such ideas are hardly the prevalent ones in the city which bears the name of our first President. Fashion and society seem to be more in vogue this season than ever before. We are constantly told of receptions, dinners, evenings, and conversations, while even much of the gossip of the cliques, into which every aggregation of men and women seems to divide by some subtle and hitherto unexplained natural law of repulsion, has filtered into the public ear through the various correspondents, and has even been thought worth the expense of the telegraph.

Perhaps this innovation is a good one. It may be that it arises in a great measure from the altered condition of the country, which finds itself reflected in the capital. There is no longer the class which used to call itself Southern, and, whether justly or not, arrogate to itself a social superiority, to which, unfortunately, the representatives from the other sections of the country were too ready to succumb.

There is now in Washington, for the first time, an opportunity to investigate the merits and failings of a purely democratic society. To the proposition that the best society of the country is to be found in Washington, of course all the petty magnates of every local circle would object. Even the first people of Squashtown are firmly convinced that it could not be so until they, as a body, made part of it, though that it would then be so it would be an affectation of modesty in them to deny.

The opinion of the Squashtown aristocracy is in this matter an index to the opinion of the same class everywhere. And this is one of the very reasons why the society at Washington should be the best in the country. It is heterogeneous and hap-hazard. It is, as a general rule, composed of people who have made themselves of some consideration among their fellows. It cannot affect too exclusively a literary character; it cannot be entirely absorbed in politics; nor can it be only interested in money. It will not be dominated by a clique who have a free-masonry of opinions, of education, and of breeding to keep them together, but it will be an open arena, where each member will be forced to pass his examination, and stand or fall upon his merits.

Then, again, the society at Washington will in many respects derive a great advantage from its purely temporary and fugitive character. By this means it will escape many of the traditional conventionalities which are so tedious elsewhere, and will possess a freshness and a charm which always accompany the chance and unconventional meeting of people who are naturally and mutually interesting and interested.

There may be a good deal of frivolity, but it will be excusable; there may be a good deal of vulgarity, but it will be only temporary; and we feel confident that the result will be a broadening and deepening of our culture as a people. Men and women will go to Washington localized and narrow, and, if they have brains enough, will return with a larger and better culture than they could get elsewhere; and will, in turn, influence their own home circles, until the American gentleman and lady will acquire what as a class we now want—the *suaviter in modo*, the *savoir faire*—the ease and knowledge of the world.

The extent of the country, the variety of its interests, and the diversity of its inhabitants, should lead us to a more perfect culture than that of any other nation, and the fortuitous character of the society at Washington will, we trust, do a great deal to counteract the insular and insolent style which all the society of the East seems to have imitated from England. Mixed with the breezy freedom of the prairies, the result will be advantageous to both.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The season which appeared to be progressing finely from winter to spring has met with a most sudden and violent relapse.

A severe snow-storm has set in, with a strong wind, and perhaps a more copious fall of snow than at any time during even the height of winter.

The fall is, however, of a moist and damp character, which seems to promise it will not last long, and this hope is the more justified by the fact that the regular course of time must produce a greater amount of warmth, since the sun is becoming every day more vertical.

The regular course of experience heretofore, in similar cases, at similar seasons, would seem then to justify the prognostication that the season will recover from this unanticipated attack of snow, and continue its convalescent course toward a perfect spring.

This diagnosis of the state of the weather, which is derived from a doctor of our acquaintance most learned in all such matters, is submitted with great deference. Whether or no he knows whether or no the weather and snow can be foretold with certainty time only can show.

Still, as an opinion is generally an opinion, and is frequently of great service to those who receive it gratuitously, in aiding them to make up their minds definitely, and judge sagaciously concerning what is best to believe, this is submitted with confidence that it will be found quite as accurate and much more reliable than the very large majority of such opinions.

It would not, however, be advisable for any one to dispose of his overcoat and overboots in the expectation that any amount of prediction will alter the variable condition of this climate.

Since the days of the famous almanac-maker Partridge, whom Swift killed and buried so effectively and amusingly before his time, the weather has been the subject of constant prediction and prophecy, but without, as yet, producing any very marked effect upon its course.

Thoreau, the author of "Walden," and other books, and who was perhaps as diligent and constant an observer of nature as ever was, used to maintain that if he should in some way be kept unconscious of the flight of time for an uncertain period, as in a trance, or by any other means, and was then placed in the woods, he would be able to tell the day of the month and the hour of the day by the vegetation and insect life he would find about him.

This seems like a bold statement, but then Thoreau knew what he was talking about, and was not liable to exaggeration.

He would sit for hours in the woods, so motionless that the animal life about him would come to consider him as a part of nature, and display all their secret life and ways before him.

What a terrible man he would be who could thus ingratiate himself into the most intimate secrets of our own lives. There probably never lived a human being who did not guard jealously some of his thoughts and actions from the knowledge of every one. To do so seems to be instinctive even with infants.

But though Thoreau arrived at such intimacy with many of the secrets of nature, he never claimed he could foretell the weather.

The question of how to obtain good designs for our public buildings is occupying now a good deal of attention.

With the new Post-Office, the new War-Office, the new Capitol at Albany, all at once in the field, it is an important question how to get really the best design possible.

The architects propose the plan in vogue in England, but judging by the results produced there, in the new Houses of Parliament, and in other public works, the English plan is not much better than our own.

There are two things needed to obtain good designs; first, architects who can make them, and next, commissioners who know enough about the matter to be able to discriminate between the designs offered for acceptance.

And in this connection a good story is told by one of the architects in this city. He competed for some building, saying frankly that he would not have done so had he not been certain that the majority of the commission would, in any event, award the job to him.

At a meeting for the consideration of the designs he was present, and heard his special friend among the commissioners dilate upon the merits of the design he offered, to his associates.

Taking the drawing in his hand, he pointed out to the learned judges the admirable advantages of this special design over all the others, dwelling particularly upon the new and convenient arrangement of the closets.

The fervor and persistence with which he dwelt upon this point, led our architect to glance over his shoulder, since he did not himself remember having devoted so much thought to the arrangement of the closets, when to his amused surprise he found that what the commissioner took as indicating closets was intended for the staircase.

Our architect kept his counsel, however, laughing only inwardly, and his plan was accepted, principally on account of its superior closet arrangement.

The question therefore with our public buildings is really not how to get the best design, but how to get commissioners who can judge properly of what is required for the building. Get these, and there will be no difficulty in getting designs, and good ones.

Professor Agassiz, in his lectures upon the Amazon, tells us some wonderful stories of fish who walk on the land, climb trees, build nests, and probably hatch their eggs by incubation. The sportsman, he says, often brings down, with the same shot, a fish and a bird. Geology, he also tells us, shows that the continent of America is the oldest land in the world; Europe not being in existence while we were a country. It is therefore astonishing that a few hundred years can have given such a pervasive pride of antiquity to the recent races of Europe.

Amusements in the City.

The most notable feature in the city amusements for the week ending Wednesday, February 27th, has been the combination of Lady Don's appearance at the New Theatre, in the farce of "Peeggy Green" (a most mediocre vehicle for the exhibition of talent), and the

excellent amusing burlesque of "Kenilworth." The lady (widow of the late Californian and Australian favorite, Sir William) commenced her engagement on Monday evening the 18th, and at once achieved success, as Leicester, by her fine personal presence (the best turned limb in the world, included), her pleasing and well-matched mezzo-soprano voice, and the quiet grace of her action. In "Cherry Ripe" and the "Garret Song," especially, she is charming and pleasing throughout; and there is no doubt of her becoming a favorite. The other roles of "Kenilworth" have been very well taken by Mrs. Gomerall as Amy Robsart, Mrs. Wilkins as Janet, Mr. Mark Smith as Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Gomerall as Vane, Mr. Dunn as Tressilian, Miss Cole as Raleigh, etc.; and the whole getting-up and costuming of the burlesque, which deserves a long run, is very commendable. * * * The feature at the Olympic has been the production of the "Streets of New York," to excellent houses, Mortimer in his old part of Reddy, Miss Agnes Land as Alida, Miss Kate Newton as Emily, Mr. Stuart Robson as Puffy, etc.; and though in some respects the cast will not equal that of its first reproduction, which included Miss Ediza Newton, Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Harry Pearson, etc., yet the present has both merit and popularity enough to secure a long run. * * * No change whatever at the Winter Garden, where the "Merchant of Venice" yet holds on its successful way; or at Niblo's, where the "Black Crook" still reigns paramount; or at Wallack's, where the "Dangerous Game" bids fair to follow "Ours" as a continued success. * * * At Barnum's, where John Broughman's "Christian Martyrs" yet draws excellent houses and combines with their attractions to make the Museum continually popular. * * * At the Broadway, the brilliant Worrell Sisters concluded their long and successful engagement on Saturday evening the 23d, and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced on Monday evening the 25th, in their well-known Irish and Yankee specialties. * * * The grand Bal de l'Opera, which is expected to dwarf even that of last year, is to take place at the Academy of Music on Friday evening the 1st of March; and Max Maritzek, the director, has now made his announcements of the personnel and repertoire for the opera season opening there on Thursday evening the 7th. By the latter it will be seen that we are to have many of the old favorite operas, during the season of thirty nights, besides at least one novelty in Petrella's "Carnival of Venice"; that there are to be one or two fashionable debuts in the way of prima-donne; and that, in addition to nearly or quite all the old favorites, we are to have the charming Madame Parepa in opera—heretofore heard only in concert here. * * * Signor Mora seems to have concluded his Italian opera season at the Theatre Francaise; it is to be feared with the balance on the wrong side of the ledger. * * * Madame Parepa and a powerful array of other artists appeared in oratorio (Handel's "Messiah") at Steinway Hall on Wednesday the 27th; and "Samson" and "Judas Macabean" are both announced. * * * Mr. Theodore Thomas gave the fourth of his symphony soirees, at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening the 23d; and Mr. Harrison continued his Sunday evening sacred concerts there, Miss Kate McDonald the leading vocalist. * * * "La Famille Benoit" (original of the "Fast Family") has been the leading dramatic feature at the Theatre Francaise. * * * At Dodworth's Hall, Mr. Hart's special attraction has been "Protes," the man of many shapes, said to be more wonderful even than his "Floating Head." * * * Two new lectures of interest have been delivered during the week: one by Hon. James T. Brady, called "Our People," and the second by Dr. Chapin (at the Cooper Institute on Washington's Birthday evening) called the "Roll of Honor," and devoted to the question of our citizen soldiery. At Edwards's Opera House in Brooklyn, a series of theatrical entertainments have been commenced, which bid fair to be exceedingly well supported, and to deserve their success.

ART GOSSIP.

As the taste for artistic pursuits is making such progress in this country, the following directions, which we take from a London Journal, may be of use to Americans visiting Paris who intend to avail themselves, while there, of such opportunities as they may have for studying the arts of drawing and painting. One of the best teachers in this line at present in Paris, according to the authority in question is Mlle. Fanny Cheron, who resides at No. 200, Boulevard Malesherbes. This lady, who was one of the best pupils of the late M. Deloche, for many years master of the Ecole des Dessins, has for her assistant M. Galbrun, a teacher of great efficiency and experience. Mlle. Cheron is well acquainted with the English language, and has numerous testimonials of her efficiency as an instructor. The atelier in which she receives and teaches pupils is in a central part of Paris, Rue Bochart de Savigny.

One of the largest and most important pictures yet painted by De Hase is now on view at the Studio Gallery, 51 West Tenth street. The subject is drawn from the history of the late war—Admiral Farragut's fleet passing below the forts at New Orleans. The sky is dark, save where it is lighted up with the lurid glare of fire, and this is reflected luminously in the water. Dark hulls of ships coming up in line follow each other in far perspective, the leading one being, we suppose, that of the Admiral. The composition, color, and effect of this picture are worthy of high praise. A private view of it was given at the gallery, on the evening of Friday, 10th of February, on which occasion many distinguished persons were present.

Carpenter's painting of the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation" has been placed on exhibition in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

The two companion pictures of tropical scenery, by Greenville Perkins to which we referred last week, are now finished, and may be seen at the new establishment of C. A. Stevens & Co., Fourteenth Street, two doors from the Maison Dorée. These fine pictures were painted by D. G. Hall, Esq., of Providence, R. I., to whose residence they will shortly be removed.

P. F. Rothmel is at work upon his picture of the Battle of Gettysburg, for which a grant of \$30,000 has been voted by the State Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Among the American artists now in Paris are Richards and Helmick, from Philadelphia; J. O. B. Immen, E. Vedder, and W. Homer, of this city; and F. O. C. Darley. For the pencil of the last named artist especially, the Paris exhibition will furnish a rich field for graphic illustrations of national character, various and picturesque.

On Wednesday evening last a select number of members of the press assembled, by invitation, at the Fine Arts Gallery, No. 625 Broadway, for the purpose of inspecting Rothmel's new picture of "The Republican Court in the Days of Lincoln." The composition of this picture comprises three principal groups, each of which is blended and merged into the other, however, so as to present one harmonious ensemble. It includes a vast number of figures, all of which are portraits of distinguished persons who have figured at the White House receptions within the last three or four years. These portraits are painted from life, and the artist has managed the arrangement of them with great skill, so as to present each head in a pose favorable for recognition, without conveying any idea of formality in the grouping. It is easy for any person familiar with society at Washington to name at once any of the ladies and gentlemen who figure in this picture, which, simply as a historical record, is a work of great importance. Beyond this, however, it possesses artistic merits of a high degree. The coloring is rich, full, and harmonious, the blending of the masculine element of the groups with the brilliant hues displayed in the toilets of the beau sexe being very happily accomplished. The period of this picture marks the second inauguration of President Lincoln. It is to be engraved in the best manner of line and stipple combined, and will make, in that form, an appropriate companion picture to the well-known one of "The Republican Court in the Days of Washington." The picture is now on public view in the gallery, where it will doubtless attract hosts of visitors.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The Boston keepers of first-class hotels threaten, if the excise law is not repealed, to close their establishments. It is hardly a question whether the abolition of the first-class hotels everywhere would not be a gain to the public. It would at least abolish first-class prices; the scale for which seems to ascend as the comforts deteriorate. It would certainly be more agreeable for those who use our hotels if, in their place, the old-fashioned inns could be restored.

The scheme of a House Savings Bank is announced, and a meeting was held last week to aid in making its plan known. It is evident that something must be done. Now, the average rate of rent in this city is such that the house is paid for in about ten years. It only wants the movement to be so managed as to secure public confidence to make it the means of altering the entire real estate system in this city.

It appeared at a recent trial in this city that the Tribune is printed upon imported paper. This is one of the practical inconsistencies of its protection theories. It is right enough, of course, if it can buy better paper cheaper abroad than at home; but why can't it see that the reason why is because the tariff makes everything dearer and poorer at home?

The recent investigation of the custom-house frauds in Boston throws a flood of light upon not only the way importers manage their business, but also how the custom-house officials manage theirs.

There are schemes in Albany for enough railways up and down New York to spoil all the streets, and place all the inhabitants in the power of the companies. None of them, however, propose to remunerate this city for the valuable franchises they ask for. The values thus given to the companies, who spoil the thoroughfares, are sufficient to pay the whole expenses of keeping the streets in order and cleaning them.

Miss Anna Dickinson, in her address on "Something to Do," an appeal for the enlargement of woman's sphere of action, told an admirable story of a young man who, sharing the current dread of strong-minded women, asked in a peevish way, "Would you have all women strong-minded?" "By no means," my friend," was the reply, "because, then there would be no suitable companions for such as you."

Mr. R. H. Dana has made a speech in the Massachusetts Legislature against the Usury Laws. He maintains that they operate more against the interest of the borrower than the lender, and make money dearer instead of cheaper, and that public opinion now is against the attempt by legal means to limit the amount of interest. His arguments are a repetition of Bentham's book on the same subject, which has remained unanswerable up to this day. It is pleasant, however, to see this movement for free trade in money in the centre of the protection party of the country. Eventually the public will find that the same line of argument is applicable to other than the monetary interests of the country.

The employees at Washington have petitioned for an increase of their salaries. Why don't they commence a combined movement to lessen the expenses of living? They would arrive at the same result by so doing. A co-operative society has been in existence for years among the clerks in the civil list in London, its objects being to supply its members with supplies and clothing at cost prices. The same idea might, with great advantage, be realized at Washington, and extended so as to embrace the matter of rent.

The new style of relief line engraving introduced by E. R. Jewett & Co., of Buffalo, is attracting much of the attention it deserves. It is remarkable for the clearness with which the most delicate lines are printed, and its superiority is seen chiefly in diagrams and outline work. Though equaling in the clearness and sharpness of the impressions the best work produced from steel or copper, these plates may be printed from an ordinary cylinder press at the rate of twelve hundred an hour, and the process has therefore greatly the advantage in clearness and facility of execution. This has become so apparent, that the contract for engraving the illustrations accompanying the Report of the Commissioner of Patents has been awarded by the joint action in the two Houses of Congress to E. R. Jewett & Co. The award was made on the ground of the superior character of their work over all competing specimens offered.

The American News Company has published one of the most comprehensive little *note-books* on the publishing trade we have ever seen. It should be read by every publisher and agent in the United States, for in a few pages the whole business is summed up with admirable precision. Few things are more difficult to pen than these general directions. They want to be general and yet sufficiently minute to be of practical service, and these ends are attained in this pamphlet.

Foreign.

The Spanish army is to be reorganized. The entire population is put under conscription, which takes forty-three thousand out of every one hundred thousand. The age at which the natives are subject to conscription is twenty. The time for service is eight years, four in the army on active service and four in the reserve. The order has naturally enough excited great discontent among the people, and why Spain should desire so large a standing army it would seem impossible to imagine.

The official returns in England for settling the basis of representation show that London has only about 20,500 houses rated at a rental of one hundred pounds and over (five hundred dollars.) Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham have each of them only one thousand such houses. In England these statistics excite attention, as showing how few expensive houses there are in the cities, but here the suggestion would seem to be just the opposite. Imagine even a thousand houses in New York renting at anything approaching five hundred dollars; we have to pay that and more for a room. Why it should be so is difficult to say. Perhaps it will change when the good time comes.

In his recent speech at Rochdale, in reply to the gratifying testimonial of their esteem and confidence given to him by his workmen, Mr. Bright gave the following touching allusion to his personal life. In 1841 he found himself at Leamington, without any other living member of his house but a motherless child. While overwhelmed with grief, Mr. Cobden called to see him, and urging him not to be cast utterly down, asked him to compare his position with that of the majority of the English public, saying, "There are thousands now in England dying of hunger, hunger made by the law. If you will come with me," continued Mr. Cobden, "we will never rest until we have got rid of the corn laws." The result of their labors was the abolition of these laws, and the retrospect shows that from 1846, the period when they were abolished, to 1867, more than four hundred millions—yes, five hundred millions of pounds worth of food have been imported into England, and eaten on the tables of the English poor. Yet the conservative classes continue to vilify and slander this man, who was so instrumental in producing this great benefit. The history of legislation everywhere shows almost universally that the wealthy and influential classes are as a rule the blindest to their own interests. While the corn laws have been so beneficial to the poor of England, they have benefited the class of landholders in a greater measure, and yet the landed proprietors were so united and so strenuous against their abolition that it required almost a revolution to bring about so desirable a public measure. The lesson these facts teach is as valuable for us now and here as for England.

There is a monthly magazine in Calcutta devoted to the social questions connected with Hindoo society. It was founded by the Rajah Rammoolam Roy, the Brahmin whose conversion to Christianity made so much talk about forty years ago, and has continued ever since. It is sufficiently progressive to be interested even in woman's rights. In the East the force of progress could hardly further go. Extracts from this magazine can be found in Miss F. P. Cobbe's last volume, "Hours of Work and Play."

The slang terms nob and snob, which are supposed to be of very recent date, are found to have a very ancient origin, dating from the middle ages, and being

contractions for nobilis, noble, and sine nobilitate, or a nobilitate, without nobility. In the middle ages nobility was as dependent upon money as now, so that a snob means a poor man aping the manners of the rich.

Mrs. Heine, who finds that Levy, the publisher, is making a great deal of money out of the literary remains of her husband, which she sold to him for a mere trifle, is quite discontented therewith. It is said further, that she threatens a suit on account of two volumes of memoirs, which are too full of personal gossip.

The Ice Cone at the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec, Canada East.

THIS account of the sport of sliding down the Ice Cone at the Falls of Montmorenci, is taken from a description written by an English traveler. A picnic party is made up at Quebec, and they drive out in sleighs to the Falls. The rest of the account we give in the writer's own words:

"But here we are at the foot of the Falls of Montmorenci, and the Ice Cone is before us. 'What is this Ice Cone?' some one may ask. It is simply the frozen spray from the Falls, which, accumulating, becomes in a short time a solid mass of ice, and before the winter months are over, reaches the height of seventy or eighty feet; in shape something like an inverted wine-glass without the stem. It is ascended by a series of rough steps cut in the side. At its base several chambers have been hewn out. One serves as a retiring-room for the ladies; another is devoted to the use of the men, and here, from a speculative Canadian, may be procured brandy and divers 'drinks,' by all who choose to buy. snug enough rooms they are too, though the walls are of ice and the floors of the same. Near the large cone is another, formed by the same agency, but smaller, 'through being more remote from the Fall, down which the ladies disport themselves. Few try the large one, albeit, we have seen one or two who were bold enough to do so."

"But now for the ascent; and then—oh, horror!—the descent. Several are already climbing the rough steps, and we join the toiling throng. In a few minutes we are at the summit, and arrived there, we take a glance around. Far away the eye ranges over a snowy desert to the distant bank of the St. Lawrence and the gray hills of Maine; while nearer the white roofs of Quebec glisten in the cold rays of the wintry sun. Before us, in the middle distance, lies the island of Orleans, its woody summits leafless, gaunt and grim. Immediately beneath us trainees are darting in all directions, or are being dragged back for another slide. Behind us is the cataract, its spray is falling in hard little pellets on our coats. Have a care! go not too near the Falls side of the Cone, lest you chance to slip over; if so, heaven rest your soul! for earth will never see you more; you would drop into the deep water at the foot of the Falls, and be carried under the ice no man knows whither. Some half-dozen unfortunates have in fact thus slipped, and so disappeared for ever."

"And now to business. The man in front of us is just off; he slips over the side, and in an instant is out of sight. A few moments more, and he reappears, shooting across the plain at a tremendous rate; in about half a mile his course is finished, and he and his guide (two little black specks in the distance) are seen returning for another trip. It is our turn next, and before it comes, just a few words as to the emotions of a novice on making his first journey down the Cone. His shape prevents a glance down the sides, except the limited arena of its summit, no standing-room is visible within a circuit of perhaps three hundred yards. You are not in the habit of amusing yourself by sliding down the roof of a house, and you feel that you are on the eve of going through an exaggerated performance of that nature. Did not honor forbid, you might prefer returning by the ignominious, but safer, route you have just mounted by; but that is out of the question; in another minute, quitting your scanty foothold, you will be launched into space; there is no help for it—you must make the best of the inevitable! There is no time for hesitation, more slides are arriving, and we must make room for others. 'Now, sare! all ready, sare?' inquired my red-capped guide. He is already seated on the front part of the trainee, his legs projected on each side, his heels dug into the ice to prevent an untimely start. I seat myself behind him, curl my legs round his waist, and place my feet between his knees, take a firm hold of the stern end of the trainee, and commend myself to the care of Providence and my Canadian friend. He lifts his heels—a slight push is given us behind, and—we are off!"

"Ha, ha! The trainee starts and bounds clear into the air. I involuntarily tighten my hold. We fall some ten feet, and, again touching the slippery surface, bound off again. Another drop, and we are on the more sloping side of the Cone; we fly down it breathless. In another instant we have reached the bottom—sharp icy splinters, plowed up by the iron runners, hit us in the face, and sting as shot would—but nothing stops us, we skim over the level at railway speed for some quarter of a mile or more, when, the acquired velocity exhausted, we roll off our quaint conveyance, shake the snow from our coats, and prepare to return."

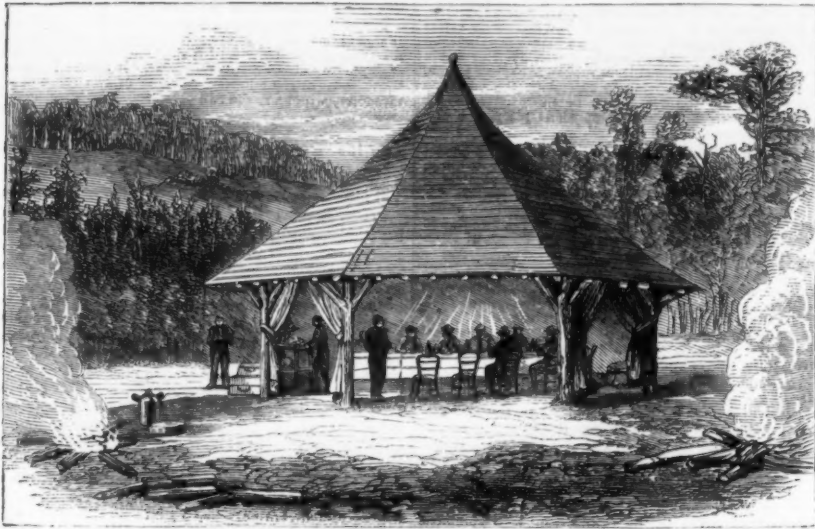
"Reader, did you ever dream you had slipped over a cliff and were helplessly falling—falling—until, with a violent bump, you awake, as it were, at the bottom, more frightened than hurt? If so, you have experienced a very similar sensation to that of the first slide down the Ice Cone. The sport, as I have said before, is not entirely without danger; one man was killed and another had his leg broken during one winter I passed in Quebec, by collision with the iron runners of the trainee. Still, accidents do not often happen, and after the disagreeable novelty of the first attempt is over, the bound into the air and lightning-rush become wonderfully exciting, and the Cone is a favorite resort all through the winter."

"With us, in this instance, the game grows fast and furious. The Cone is alive with an ascending and descending string of sliders; trainees are darting in all directions over the plain, and tumbles in the snow are numerous. The ladies, too, on their lower eminence, are as busy as we are, and are attended by the less adventurous, or the more gallant of the men. Two Canadian gentlemen of our party astonish us. Not content with the excitement of the Cone, they climb up the precipitous cliff, which, rising to a height of between two and three hundred feet, bounds the left bank of the Montmorenci river, below the Falls. About half-way up the rock they launch their trainees. Good heavens! they will be dashed to pieces! Not at all. Rushing down with frightful speed, the impetus they have acquired carries them over the lesser and nearly to the summit of the principal Cone, when, turning, they slip down the side and glide like birds far away over the plain. This is a feat we are unable to emulate, but to Canadians, who are as handy with a trainee as a Madras Indian is with his catamaran, it is a trifle."

Out-Door Relief—A Winter Scene in England.

THIS scene represents one of the peculiarities of England. The numerous public and private parks are kept well stocked with deer, which become so tame that they can be called to feed out of the hand. During the winter, while the ground is covered with snow, their food is brought them, and our illustration represents a scene of the forester: bringing a load of hay for distribution to the deer and the domesticated stock which are left to wander free about the grounds. The deer soon learn to know the peculiar sound by which they are summoned, and can be seen coming in troops to partake of their share of the food provided for them.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



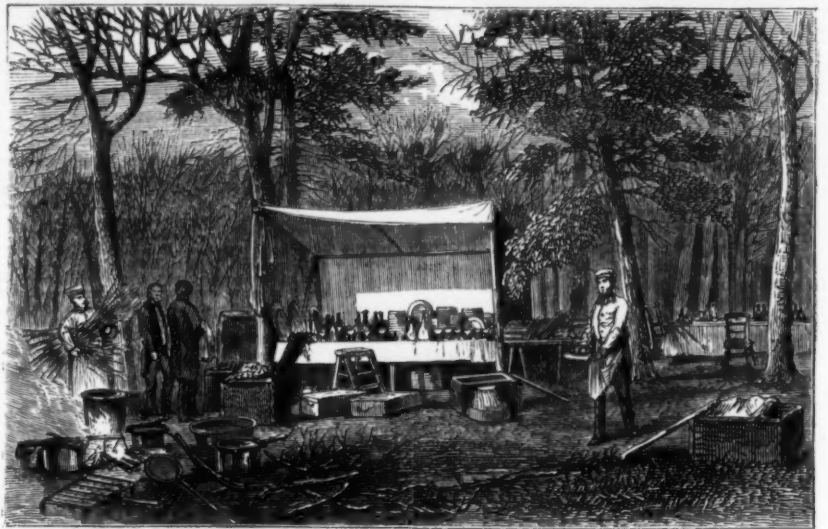
AN IMPERIAL SHOOTING PARTY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, NEAR PARIS—THE LUNCHEON.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Imperial Hunt at Fontainebleau, near Paris—The Breakfast.

In the forest of Fontainebleau the game is carefully

the Emperor and his friends devoted themselves for a whole day to the chase. The noble huntmen forming a line, with the Emperor in the centre, and the others at regular intervals, advanced through the forest, followed by a double line of attendants, who loaded the guns, took note of the successful shots, and picked up the game.



THE KITCHEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

represents the breakfast, prepared after the morning exercise, and enjoyed thus in the open air, though the day was unusually cold for France.

Destruction of Shipping in the Thames by the Breaking up of the Late Frost.

This illustration represents the scene of the destruc-

small steamers, or small vessels. But just below London Bridge the river is crowded with a constant stream of vessels either entering or leaving the docks, and with the numerous lines of steamers which make the steam marine of London equal, if not superior, to that of any purely commercial city. When the ice in



DESTRUCTION OF SHIPPING IN THE THAMES, LONDON, ON THE BREAKING UP OF THE LATE FROST.

preserved for the imperial hunts, and also special attention is given to the breeding of the pheasants. Two of

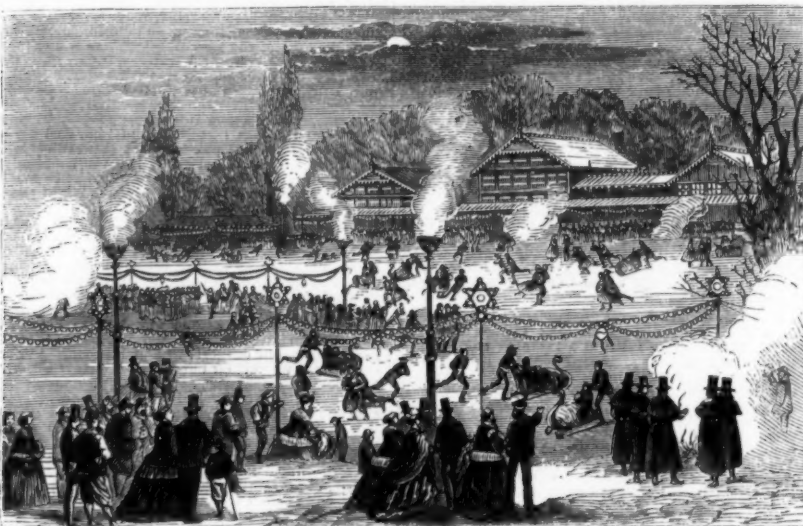
There were ten sportsmen, and the result was 1,409 pieces of game, of which 1,129 were pheasants. Of



THE BREAD RIOTS AT DEPTFORD, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

tion of shipping in the Thames by the floating ice. The docks at London are all situated below London

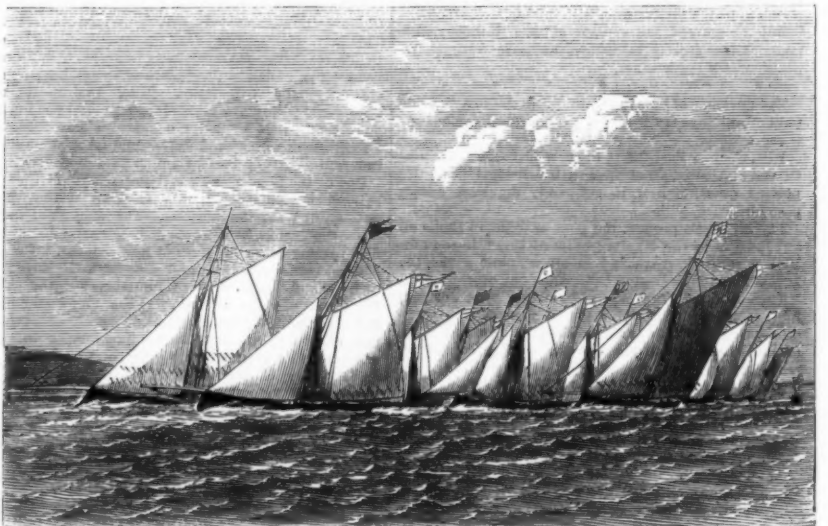
the Thames, formed by the late unusually cold weather, broke up and commenced to be carried down



SKATING AT NIGHT IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

our illustrations this week are devoted to representing some of the arrangements for the last occasion when

these the Emperor was credited with 295. The first of our illustrations of this slaughter, rather than hunt,



SAILING MATCH OF THE NATAL YACHT CLUB, SOUTH AFRICA.

Bridge, beyond which the stream is navigable, on account of the numerous bridges that cross it, only by

by the strong current, the destruction it caused was very great. The tide in the Thames at London rises



PUTTING UP THE LIONS AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF AT THE MANSION HOUSE TO DISTRESSED PERSONS OF THE EAST END, LONDON.

and falls over ten feet, so that the current, aided by the ordinary course of the stream, is very strong, and as it is only very rarely that ice forms in it, the shipping, when such an occasion comes, is almost entirely unprepared for it, and without any appliances to protect itself against the danger.

Night Scene at the Skating Pond in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

This illustration shows the brilliant scene upon the skating pond in the Bois de Boulogne, at night. The French people have taken great interest in skating, and one of the illustrations in the ILLUSTRATED PAPER for last week represented the Emperor taking part in the festivities of this new entertainment. With their wonderful taste, the French have introduced several novelties, among which will be noticed the artistic forms of the sleds upon which the ladies are pushed about, and the varieties of the costumes used both by the ladies and gentlemen.

Putting up the Lions at the Base of the Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square, London.

The order for these lions was given to Sir Edwin Landseer years ago, and their non-execution has afforded a ceaseless fund of wit and sarcasm to the writers of the press in London. Finally, however, they are finished, and though the critics have hardly yet had time and opportunity to judge decidedly of their merit, yet it seems that they give a certain satisfaction. One of the writers on the London press congratulated the lions of Regent's Park, that now Sir Edwin will no longer have an excuse to bother them continuously for his studies.

The Kitchen in the Forest of Fontainebleau during the Imperial Hunt.

The wonderful skill of the French in cooking is shown as much in their marvelous adaptation of seemingly insufficient means to ends as in the wonderfully delicious results they obtain. Hunting, however, with an army of retainers is not probably as exciting or entertaining as enjoying the sport alone, or with a tried friend or two. Still it is one of the penalties necessary to being an Emperor that a simple morning's hunt involves such a display of magnificence. Fortunately for those of us who have no such ambition, it is impossible for us all to be Emperors.

The Bread Riots at Deptford, near London, England.

The poverty of London, which is at all times appalling, has been fearfully increased by the dullness of business and the freezing of the Thames. Deptford, which is a small town near London, is largely inhabited by persons dependent upon the ship-building interest, which is now unusually depressed. The distress caused by this unfortunate juncture of affairs finally culminated in a series of bread riots, the most terrible kind of riots. Fortunately the disturbance was put a stop to before it had reached a point beyond control. The crowd simply helped themselves to bread, but committed no violence.

Sailing Match of the Natal Yacht Club, South Africa.

The English settlement at Natal, South Africa, which has assumed great importance lately, from being the seat of Bishop Colenso's diocese, enjoys also the luxury of a yacht club. Our illustration depicts the recent race between thirteen of the yachts owned at Natal, for a series of fine prizes, the first of which was a handsome silver cup. The yacht called the Alpha, which came in first, had, however, to yield the first prize to the Corsair, since from her superiority in size she had to allow the Corsair two minutes, and was only about a minute and a half in the lead.

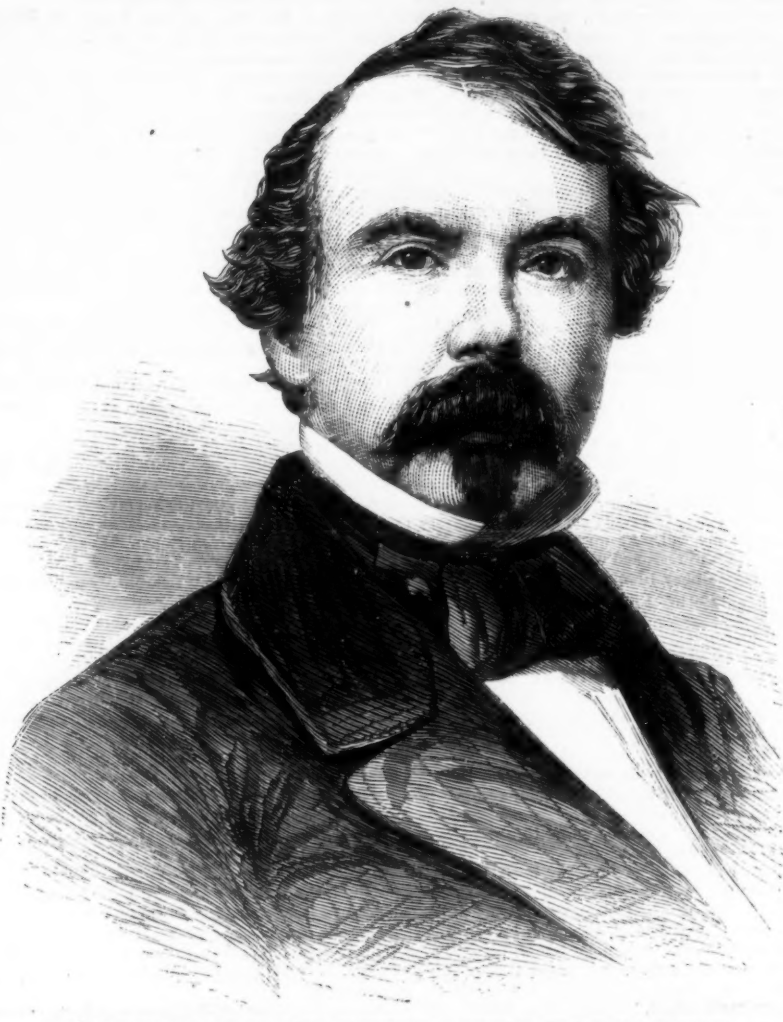
Distribution of Relief at the Mansion-House, to Persons in Distress at the East End of London.

The distress at the east end of London seems to be beyond all precedent, and although the attempts at relieving it are praiseworthy in their feeling and admirable in their extent, yet still they seem to be wholly inadequate. Our illustration shows a scene at the Mansion-House, of the distribution of relief. Similar scenes are taking place all over London, and yet the cry is still for more aid, to avert even the danger of starvation. One of the papers describes the crowd of well-dressed persons who every morning assail the doors of the poor-houses, desiring to get a job at cracking stone. When persons whose dress and air show that they belong to the class of persons to which these evidently belonged, are forced to beg for such work, and almost to fight their way through a crowd of eager applicants to get it, it is evident that the distress must be wide-spread and near.

Daniel Devlin, the City Chamberlain.

DANIEL DEVLIN was born in Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1833, when he was about eighteen years of age. Until 1844—when he returned to settle in this city—his time had been spent in the South and Southwest, engaged in various occupations, though the last few years of this time were spent in Louisville, in business on his own account. On his arrival in New York in 1844, he commenced the ready-made clothing business, and with uniform success. The

The duties of the Chamberlain are shown in the following extract from the amended charter of the city: "There shall also be a bureau in this department (The Department of Finance) for the reception of all moneys paid into the treasury of the city, and for the payments of moneys on the warrant drawn by the Comptroller, and countersigned by the Mayor and Clerk of the Common Council, and the chief officer thereof shall be called the Chamberlain of the city of New York. The Chamberlain shall keep books, showing the amounts paid on account of the several appropri-



THE LATE DANIEL DEVLIN, CITY CHAMBERLAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

large buildings in Broadway, at the corners of Warren street and the corner of Grand street, were both occupied by his firm, which underwent various modifications, though Mr. Devlin remained actively interested in it until 1865, and since that time has had an interest in it as special partner.

In 1860 Mr. Devlin was appointed City Chamberlain by the President of the Common Council, during the temporary absence of Fernando Wood, who was then the Mayor of the city, and has held this position ever since.

and no warrant shall be paid on account of any appropriations after the amount authorized to be raised by tax for that specific purpose shall have been expended."

The office, as will be seen, was one of great responsibility, and its duties have been filled by Mr. Devlin in such a way as to excite no objections, even from his political opponents. Perhaps no higher praise could be given. The office requires strict integrity and business capacity, and these Mr. Devlin possessed in an eminent degree. His death was sudden and unex-

pected, and was caused by Bright's disease, which is incurable, and is comparatively new in the classification of diseases. His successor in office will be appointed by the Mayor. Mr. Devlin was through life a firm adherent to the Roman Catholic faith, and died in full communion with that church.

The Ladies' Reception-Room in the Capitol at Washington.

THIS is one of the handsomest and most costly rooms in the Capitol. The walls and floors are of marble, and the furniture is of the most luxurious description. The room is used for a Reception-room for ladies, and when a debate is expected which will attract attention, it is frequently crowded with the friends of the Senators, who remain here until time to take their places in the gallery for their accommodation in the Senate Chamber.

JASPER SPRING, NEAR SAVANNAH.

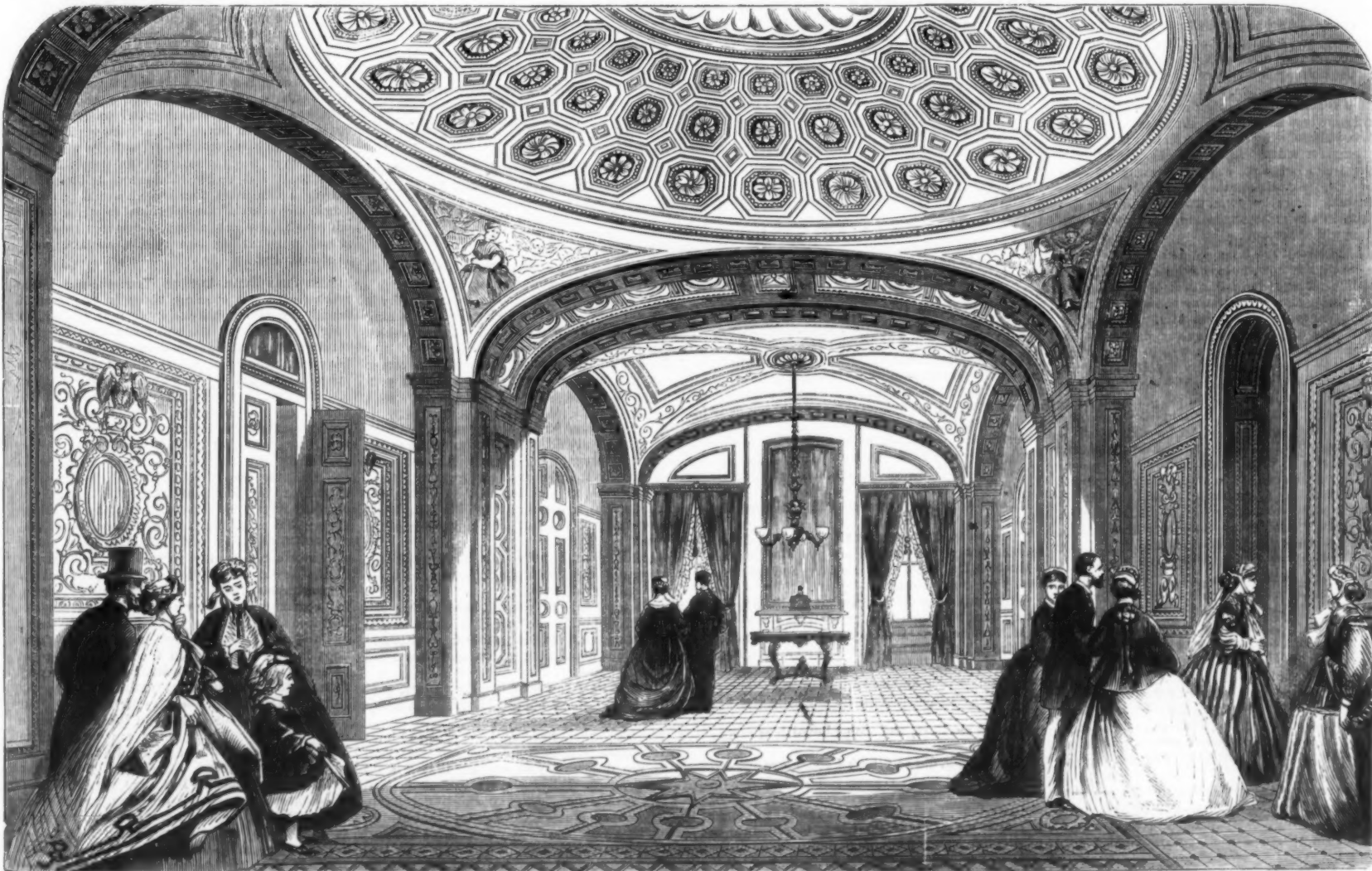
THIS spring is about two miles from Savannah, on the Augusta road. Being the only spring for miles around, and the water being of excellent quality, passers-by always turn out of their road to refresh themselves with a drink from it. Its constant use for this purpose, and for watering the stock of the neighborhood, made its present owner, Mr. Haym, fearful that it might be destroyed, and he has, therefore, protected it, as shown in our illustration, with a coping of brown stone. This spring is historically famous for the following adventure during the Revolution, from which its name is derived: The hero of the adventure, Sergeant Jasper, is the same who leaped upon the breach, at the battle of Fort Mifflin, recovered the flag which had been shot away by the English fleet, and, climbing the pole, nailed it to the staff, in the midst of the fire. After this adventure, while serving in the Army of the South, Sergeant Jasper, learning that a number of American prisoners were to be brought from Ebenezer to Savannah for trial, determined to release them at all hazards. With Sergeant Newton as his companion, he concealed himself at this spring, about thirty yards from the main road, and waited for the arrival of the prisoners, who finally came along, heavily ironed, and escorted by a sergeant, corporal and eight soldiers. The whole party stopped at the spring to refresh themselves, two of the guard remaining with the prisoners, the rest of the soldiers leaving their guns against the trees, when suddenly Jasper and his companion, leaping from their hiding-places, secured the guns, shot down the two sentinels, and demanded the surrender of the rest of the party. Seeing they were outwitted, the guard surrendered; and Jasper, taking off the irons from the prisoners, rejoined the army at Petersburg, carrying the captors as captives, guarded by their rescued prisoners.

Fishing at the Sea Islands off the Coast of Georgia.

THE listless, lazy character of this sport in this locality, is admirably caught by our artist. The entire landscape and climate suggest and encourage such a monotonous and idle employment. The flatness of the shore, with no undulation of outline to attract or stimulate the eye; the foliage, too, with none of the dancing activity common to the trees of a more northern climate, but of a darker and more uniform green, and stationary, seeming to stand there receiving their life from the hot sun, suggesting not an active process of growth, but a passive one of reception; the water lying untroubled on a dead level, and making itself a mirror to reflect the greater heat of the more perpendicular sun—all these suggest not active work, but passing the time in fishing or some kindred employment.

The further we go down the coast, the greater variety we find among the fish, and the finer the flavors of their meat. The scale runs from the hard flesh of the cod to the delicate flavor of the pompano, which we have to go as far south as New Orleans to find.

All the fishing about the Sea Islands is not, however, of this listless character. There is an enormous kind of flounder, a flat fish, almost square, with his head in one corner and the two sides forming a sort of wings, called the devil fish. It is hunted with the harpoon, and its capture is as exciting as whale fishing. The pleasures of this chase have been admirably depicted by a Mr. Elliott, a resident of one of the Sea Islands, in some sketches published years ago in a small volume.



LADIES' RECEPTION ROOM, U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR!"

The dying sun amid the trees
Looks in and out, and falls behind;
My settlers, lying at their ease,
Bark at the moaning of the wind.

I dream my sad and silent dream—
My dream of maiden's eyes and hair!—
Sad eyes, through sadder shadows, gleam
In ashes into which I stare!

I wake and curse the dying fire,
I ferret out a book, and see
How Truth at truce's but a liar,
And Love a girl's sweet mockery!

This hair is hers; three years ago
I stole it, laughing, from her head,
What time the tender violets grow—
"It would be part of her," she said.

Her eyes she raised to mine (she had
The sweetest eyes beneath the sun!)
Her glance was upward, true, and glad—
"Our lives for ever should be one!"

This is her hair! and I, to-night,
Look on it as upon the dead!
So surely lost to truth and sight
Are all—the hair, the eyes, the head!

The heart!—I know, in bitter tears,
She wears its feeble strings away!
Held 'gainst my own in other years,
It breaks in silent shame to-day!

MY STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

THERE was something wrong in the house; some secret besides my own, as jealously guarded, yet as surely leaving its impress on several lives as mine was on both heart and face. I dared ask no questions, but I watched, and was soon convinced that something was amiss with madam. She grew old and gray and haggard during that month. Her pride seemed to have gone, her spirit was broken, her temper irritable, and her whole character so changed that I hardly knew her. In one respect she was unaltered; she still idolized her daughter, still yielded to every wish of hers, and seemed to live for her alone. Another mystery was her manner to Van. She evidently feared him, yet turned to him with a curious mixture of timidity and confidence which perplexed me as much as did his air of command, mingled with pity and respect. Clara, too, was unlike herself; but that I attributed to love, which can work many miracles. She was unusually gentle, seemed to care little for gayety, and to be contented to roam about the house with Van or lie in a hammock under the trees on the lawn, while he read aloud and her mother pretended to work. Clara took little notice of me, but no longer wounded by marked slights or satirical speeches; she allowed me to go my way in peace, as if she had no time to spare from her own happiness to disturb mine.

Van's behavior puzzled me more than all the rest. To me he was always gravely kind, but he shunned me, though I felt that he kept a vigilant watch over my health in spite of his apparent avoidance. As my arm healed he came no more to dress it, and seemed to have forgotten the adventure; yet once or twice I caught an intensely anxious look upon his face when some one remarked upon my pallor. To Clara he was devoted in a somewhat peculiar manner. He ruled her as no one had ever ruled the imperious girl before. Her obedience was perfect; if he forbade anything, or simply expressed disapproval, she relinquished her wish without a murmur. She seemed to watch him incessantly, as if to read his command before he could utter it, and appealed to him in the most trivial matters like one who had no will of her own.

Mr. Marlowe, for a time, seemed the only happy one in all the household, for he came daily and gave himself heartily to the task of teaching me to love him. But soon the mysterious influence of the place seemed to affect him. He changed like all the others; grew anxious, pale and thin, as if some subtle contagion was in the air and none could escape. I did my best to learn the lesson he wished to teach, and had my heart been free I could not have resisted his patient tenderness. But I had already learned the lesson too well of another master, and all his efforts failed. He seemed to feel this, but uttered no complaint, and worked on with a persistency which deserved success. I was with him daily, I accepted his gifts, listened to his words, and tried to take interest in his hopes and plans. But daily the task grew harder, and every week saw him further from me than the last, and made me doubly sure that I could give only friendship for his love.

The month was gone at last, the hour for my decision came, and with a heavy heart I waited for my lover in the same spot where his suit had first been made. Within a day or two Marlowe had desisted from his efforts and left me to myself, as if he saw the struggle that went on, and generously forbore to press me. My reply was ready, and I expected to have to resist much tender importunity, but to my surprise I was spared even the utterance of the hard No. John came to me grave and pale, but quite calm, and before I could falter out a single word of regret, he said, manfully:

"I know my fate, and accept it. Do not pain yourself by trying to soften it, but believe that I respect your frankness, thank you for your patience with me, and shall always remain your friend, if I may."

This touched me deeply, and with the longing to be worthy of his respect, I spoke out impulsively:

"John, but for one thing I could not help loving you. I've tried to forget, I've tried to give my heart to you, but I cannot, because another love fills it. I owe you this confession, and hard as it is for a woman to confess an unrequited passion, I do it that you may know what stands between us."

I covered up my face as I spoke, and for several moments waited in silence for an answer. Then it came, not as I expected with some tender touch of anger, grief or reproach, but kind and calm, as if my confession had caused no surprise.

"I know, my dear; there is no need to tell me more, for I have learned to read your face so well, I found your secret for myself, and so relinquished my vain hopes. I thank you for this confidence, and I pray heaven to make this love a happier one than mine. God bless you, dear. Good-by."

He took me in his arms, gave me one lingering kiss, and went away without a word of complaint, this generous man who loved me so. I thought that hearty wish for my happiness with another the height of self-abnegation, but I did not know how true love can exalt the gentlest nature till I learned it from Van's lips later in the day.

All that day I shunned the family, but at night, when we met, I saw by their faces that the truth was known. My stepmother gave me one stern frown, Clara looked excited and was in her most satirical mood, but Van was so grave, so silent, and so pale, I feared to lift my eyes to his lest I should betray how sharp a pain his displeasure gave me. Like a culprit I sat among them, yet at heart I felt a delicious sense of freedom, which sent color to my cheeks, light to my eyes, gladness to my voice, and made me blithe and beautiful against my will. As we rose from table Van begged Clara to rest, and with a docile smile she went away to obey him, madam followed, and I slipped into the garden, leaving him to his wine. Hardly had I reached the old summer-house and seated myself among the reddening leaves that clustered all about me, when Van came to join me, looking so unlike himself that I scarcely knew him.

"I have something to say to you, Grace. May I sit here?"

"Yes."

I had not courage to venture more. He sat down, pulled a leaf or two, then said, abruptly:

"I am going away."

"Going away!" I echoed, forgetting everything but those dreadful words.

"Yes; I am wasting time, my holiday is over, and I must go to work. Shall you miss me, Grace?"

He turned and looked at me as he spoke. I knew my face was very pale, but pride gave me strength to say, with only a slight tremor in my voice:

"You know I shall."

"Do you remember a promise I made you when I first came?" he said, after a moment's silence.

"No."

"Ah, my memory is better than yours; I must recall the facts of the case. You asked me when I would show you Mrs. Damer; I said in the autumn, and I'll keep my word."

"Is she here?" I cried, with despair at my heart.

"Yes; will you see her?"

"No—not now—not yet—wait a little, Van."

"With pleasure; and, in the meantime, let me remind you of several other small wagers and affairs which should be settled before we part. Why do you shiver? are you cold?"

"Very warm, on the contrary. Go on, please," I muttered, scarcely knowing what I said.

"Who was right about the dog? Let me put this on, and another time don't pretend to be wiser than your doctor."

He smilingly produced a costly bracelet, and taking my wounded arm, gently clasped the trinket on. I let him do what he would, for still through my brain sounded the sad words, "Going away! going away!"

"I promised to cure you; have I not kept my word?"

"I wish to heaven you had not!" I exclaimed, bitterly, adding, in another breath, "No, I am worse than ever."

"We will prove that. See here: I made a sketch of you the night I came, and another lately; which looks most like an invalid?"

He held two pictures before me: one the pale, thin, sad-eyed creature whom he found; the other as I was now; for, in spite of my many anxieties, my malady, and my hidden pain, I could not deny that of late I had grown stronger, rosier, more cheerful and conscious of a subtle joy, which changed me wonderfully. My eye went from the pictures to Van's face, then fell, and I said, sadly, yet truthfully:

"I am better, why I cannot tell, but fancy the change will not last long."

"God willing, it shall last all your life. Grace, let me show you the face of my wife that is to be—the face I've worn here so long and loved so dearly all these years."

With a rapid gesture he drew out the little locket which hung about his neck, pressed the spring and held it before me. I thought of Clara, clenched my hands tight and looked. A child's face, rosy, innocent and gay, was all that I saw; but with a cry of wonder, joy and love I turned to Van, overwhelmed with sudden bliss, for the little face was mine!

He held me close, and soon I heard him saying tenderly:

"My darling, did you think I could love any one but you? Your father gave you to me long ago but made me promise to leave you in ignorance of the gift, that you might feel free; and if you could not love me at eighteen, I was to renounce in silence the desire of my life."

"Oh, Van, did you come back to find and love me?"

"Yes; for nowhere did I discover any one to take the place of the child-wife who had been

promised me. I knew you led a secluded life, and till I came and heard of Sebastian, I had no fears of losing you. I was disappointed that you did not write, but madam, knowing of the compact, and hoping to alienate us, sent me word that you were a sickly creature, who had forgotten me, and cared for nothing but your books. Since then I have found the loving little letters you wrote me, and those I sent to you. Neither of us got them; but I know now that you did not forget."

"Never! And this was what I saw you doing in the library while I hid in the great chair, and thought you were such a traitor."

"Did you see me? Ah! that accounts for the sudden coldness you showed me when I most longed for your good opinion. Yes, I was a traitor, but it was to come at the truth and get my own that I did it. Madam would not confess; I met her craft with craft, and disarmed her at once, for, when the letters were safe, I confessed my deed and forgave her. What now, my little girl? You look disturbed; tell me the cause."

He spoke with such fond anxiety, and it seemed so natural, so sweet to turn to him in all perplexity, that I clung to him in my glad bewilderment and freely told him all that troubled me.

"Van, am I really better? Shall I live to know a little happiness and to prove how much I love you?"

"Still the old fear. Can you not believe me when I say that you have no ailment but a melancholy mania that you are ill?"

"And my heart, Van—have you cured it?"

He laughed his old, boy laugh, and turning my face to his, said, with a significance that made me smile and blush, and try to hide my tell-tale eyes.

"I think I have, Grace. It ached because it was solitary. I've given it a mate, and now it will not flutter any more. Is it happy, dear?"

"Too happy, too full. Let me cry a little and ease it."

"No more tears; you have had enough. Good! smile so, and ask questions as you used to do in the old times when we sat here, as now."

"I've endless questions to ask, Van, for I've lived among mysteries lately, and dared ask no one to explain them. What was the dangerous case in which you said you were interested when we talked on the balcony that first night? I thought it was mine till you said it was a man's."

"It was my own, sweetheart. I came back to find you so lonely, so unhappy, so confiding, so capricious and charming, that I was captivated at once, and fear I should have betrayed myself but for the memory of Sebastian. Madam told me the tale in her own way, and I was afraid your heart was lost to me. I resolved to wait, to watch, and make sure before I spoke, and you have done your best to try and bewilder me, you strange thing. Why did you listen to Marlowe when you loved me?"

"I thought you loved Clara; and John was so kind, I tried to make him happy, but I could not."

"Thought I loved Clara! What put that fancy into your head?" he asked, with a curious look.

I told him what I saw in the conservatory, the late change I remarked in Clara, and his power over her. He listened gravely, sighed when I paused, and softly stroked my hair as he said:

"Poor girl! I have made you suffer the same jealous pain that I have felt. I should have remembered how my care of Clara would strike one ignorant of the truth. But you seemed to shun me; I thought you did not, could not love me, and I tried to find a little solace in duty as happiness was denied me."

"What do you mean? What is the secret that you share with madam, and keep from me? Tell me—I have a right to know," I said imperiously.

"I promised to keep it from you much against my will, and yet I think you should know before it is too late."

He hesitated, my thoughts flew back to several mysterious events, and a new idea flashed into my mind.

"Mamma is ill—going to die, perhaps—and will not let me know it, because she hates to receive my pity. Is it that, Van?"

"No, dear; a sadder thing than that," was all his answer, in a tone of deep compassion.

"I will discover it! If madam is not ill, why is she so altered? Van, has she done anything wrong and fears discovery?" I asked, in a troubled whisper.

"Many misdeeds, poor woman, but none worse than concealing our letters and neglecting you."

For the first wrong I forgave her, for the last I think I never can."

"Whom did you mean when you talked with Dr. North, and he said, 'Mrs. Butler ought to tell the girl and prepare her for it'? I heard other things—about 'little Grace's heart,' 'no hope,' and your 'doing your best for me.' I think you deceive me, Van, and I am really ill in spite of all your love and care. Tell me truly what is this mystery?"

I started up as I spoke with all the old fear awake again. He drew me to his knee and holding my hands, said, seriously:

"I will tell you, else you will imagine that you are the invalid. My darling, it is Clara who is doomed, not you. Nay, if you look so pale and startled I shall not dare go on, and it is a sad tale."

"Tell me all—I can bear it. Poor Clara, poor mamma—and I am so happy!" I whispered as my tears began to fall.

"Generous heart, you forget the past and have only tenderest pity for your enemies," said Van, wiping the drops away so tenderly that I could not weep again. "The night I came," he continued, "madam not only told me about Sebastian, but begged my opinion concerning your health, hinting that your heart was diseased. I watched you, tried an experiment, asked questions and satisfied myself that you were only suffering for need of care and kindness. Madam had tried to deceive me, to profit by my skill without betraying that Clara was the sufferer, for she dreaded the

effect of the truth upon the weak girl's mind. The night I was called up it was to Clara, not to madam, and then I told her that her daughter was doomed to a sudden death sooner or later, and begged her to guard against all agitation, for any shock would be fatal. She would not permit me to warn Clara, but implored me to conceal the sad fact from all, particularly from you. She did not know my Grace's forgiving nature, and so robbed herself of a gentle comforter. Now you know why madam looks old and haggard, why I am kind to Clara, and why there is a mystery in the house."

"How sad for poor madam! Does Clara know?"

"Not yet. She knows she is ill and weak, but thinks it is not serious. I have told her that she must be very quiet, and she obeys me with such unexpected docility that I begin to fear that I should go away for her sake. I resolved to do so, but could not go till I had proved the truth of Marlowe's words—"

There Van checked himself, and glanced apprehensively at me. "I caught at the truth, and exclaimed:

"Did he tell you that I loved you, Van?"

"Forgive him, Grace, and me for betraying him. It was a noble thing to do, and he may well be proud of it. He saw the misunderstanding that parted us, and generously cleared the way before it was too late."

"My generous John! I'll love him all my life for that, and he shall never feel alone while I have a home to offer him," I cried, with a heart full of gratitude.

"Hark! what was that? Something fell and there was a groan."

Van started up, listened an instant, then hurried out to discover whence the sound came. I followed, and there behind the summer-house, where she had crept to listen, and had heard her own doom pronounced by the lips of the man she loved, lay Clara, dead among the flowers.

"May God forgive me!" sighed Van, remorsefully, as he lifted her tenderly and bore her in.

Madam met us at the door, read the heavy truth in Van's pale face, and without a word went on before us to the drawing-room. There we laid the poor girl down, and vainly tried to recall life. It was in vain, and as Van turned from the lovely sleeper to comfort me, the bereaved woman saw that we were one in heart at last, that all her schemes had failed and her idol was broken. With a bitter smile on her haggard face she motioned us away, saying gloomily to me:

"Are you satisfied? Is not this ample atonement for the past? Go, and in your happiness exult that I am humbled, heart-stricken and alone."

I did not go; I went to her, drew the gray head to my bosom, and uttering the sweet name for the first time since she came into my father's house, I said, tenderly, heartily:

"Never alone, mother, while we live."

I had conquered—for in that hour of sorrow the hard heart softened, the past was all forgotten and forgiven. Turning to me, she gathered me into her arms and while she gathered me, she lived I was to her a daughter.

LAWYER AND ARTIST.

"Who are you writing to, Susie Clarke? You must bear in mind very distinctly, miss, that your father not only forbade all personal interviews, but also anything approaching a correspondence," and with these few words of warning Aunt Delia Clarke, spinster, left the room.

The young lady thus addressed threw a glance of defiance at the retreating figure, and went on with her writing, which seemed to consume a considerable time for an ordinary letter. Twilight gathered, and the pretty head, with its wealth of brown wavy hair, bent over the portfolio, and occasionally a sly tear rolled down on to the paper, leaving a little mark there which would probably break the heart of the individual to whom it was addressed. We can obtain a better view of the situation by reading this epistle, so here goes. It commenced:

"MY VERY DEAR ALBERT—Your precious letter reached me last evening through our mutual friend, and although I was more than anxious to hear from you, yet the sad heart-wail running through it grieved me more than your silence would have done. You know, Albert, that at present I am powerless. Papa is, undoubtedly, very fond of me, and imagines he is consulting my best future good when he denies you my hand, and without my consent gives it to another. I have promised you, dear, and that promise I will fulfill at the cost of my life, should it be necessary never to come into any nearer relation to that detestable Caleb Harding than I am now. This much you can fully rely on, but, my darling, more than that I dare not say. Papa is old, very feeble and as childish as dotage can make him; and an act of disobedience on my part might be the means of his death; and you would not like that on your conscience, Albert, I am right sure. Auntie, too, seems to have grown so cross and nervous that it is almost impossible to live with her, and I feel to-day that if it were not for the bright hope in the future which I cherish, in spite of present clouds and obstacles, I should care very little about prolonging my existence. You can change the scene, dear, and in your business, your intercourse with men, knock off the rough edges of your disappointment; but I am compelled to sit at home, watched and guarded as securely as a jailer ever watched a prisoner, receive the visits of that odious Harding, play and sing when my heart is almost breaking, and in every conceivable way make a martyr of myself. Papa says if you had any other profession than that of a low pettifogging lawyer there might be some sense in it. Albert, dear, can't you adopt some other profession? Turn artist; you have some genius, I know, and a fair share of talents; but, of course, I have not the slightest desire to inter-

fore with your future interests. It does seem incomprehensible to me how a man possessed of as good, sound common sense on all other subjects, should be so dreadfully deficient in this, but so it is; and our regrets are useless and unavailing. I am forbidden to write, Albert; but I shall gracefully step over this prohibition, and answer every letter you write, only please don't fill the next one so full of heart-ache. The sun will shine for us, by-and-by, Albert, and these gloomy days will only appear in retrospect, as some unpleasant dream, from which some kind angel awakened us to enjoyment and love. Auntie thinks it is high time this letter was finished; so good-by, Albert, and God bless you. Yours, for ever,

"SUSIE CLARKE."

This was directed to "Albert Grosenor, Esq., No. — Wall street," and placed beside Susie's heart to wait a favorable opportunity to send it to its loving destination.

Susie was, indeed, in a fix; such a one as many another damsel has been placed in, and many another will follow suit; but in this instance there really seemed to be no good reason why Susie should be so unpleasantly situated. Albert Grosenor was a fine, noble, true-hearted fellow as ever drew breath; a descendant of a good family; and with as fine a business prospect as could well be imagined. Yet, Susie's father was inexorable. Arguments, entreaties, tears, and loss of appetite, were alike unavailing. Albert Grosenor she should never marry. Caleb Harding she should. Now, Caleb was a very unprepossessing widower—all of forty, diminutive in stature, and correspondingly diminutive in soul. Caleb was a retired merchant and owned a fine establishment, an elegant turn-out; and then Caleb and Susie's father agreed in politics—for they were both copperheads of the deepest dye. Albert, on the other hand, was all the time effervescing with enthusiasm for the Union, and was one of the first to throw aside business and pleasure and rush to the defense of Washington. This was an offense not to be forgiven in the old man's eyes, so poor Albert was compelled to take a back seat, and resign in favor of the widower-copperhead and retired merchant. Albert read and re-read his precious letter, and deliberated quite awhile before answering; but one could readily see that he had decided upon some definite plan of action, and that there was fun in it no one would doubt who could have taken a good view of his handsome young face.

Mr. Clarke—Susie's tyrannical parent—had been up the river to visit an invalid brother for a few days, and Susie breathed free during his absence; but one sultry afternoon papa returned, puffing and blowing, and uttering anathemas, not loud but deep, against the clerk of the weather, and upper institutions generally. Susie met him with a smile and kiss, for the forlorn girl did try to do her duty and did love her parent fondly, but the sense of injustice sometimes outweighed the love, and on these occasions the poor child hardly knew what course to take between her duty and her inclination.

"Della tells me Harding was here last night," said the old gentleman, who had somewhat recovered his equanimity, and now sat quietly sipping his chocolate.

"Yes, sir," said Susie, demurely.
"Well! how did you spend the evening, dear?"
"Much the same as usual, papa."
"Well—how the d— was that?" and Susie saw that the old man's ire was rising fast, so she replied pleasantly:

"Why, papa, I played and sung the same old tunes he admires so much; read a few chapters in his favorite volume, the 'Pilgrims Progress'; when he dozed off a few moments, after which he took his leave."

Mr. Clarke looked into his daughter's eyes to see whether she was in mood sarcastic or earnest—poking fun at the widower—or how the matter stood; but Susie's face was a study just then; and as familiar as he had been with every varying expression since her birth, he could not, to save his life, fathom this.

"I never saw a man who improves so fast on acquaintance as Mr. Harding. Don't you think so, Susie?"

"Now, wasn't Susie in a predicament? She couldn't tell a lie, and she dreadfully disliked to displease the old gentleman, so she answered, carelessly:

"Now, papa, please don't let's talk about Mr. Harding. You know right well that I do not particularly admire the gentleman, and probably never shall. I will always treat him well, papa—always, because you are pleased with him."

"But not on your own account, you would like to add, you saucy hussy. Oh, how I wish you were a boy! How I would take it out of your hide! I've wished that ever since you were born!"

And the old gentleman dragged his gouty foot after him, and strode up and down the apartment, kicking the chairs right and left, and, after bestowing an extra "side winder" on the dog, returned to the arm-chair, perfectly exhausted.

"Now, miss," said Aunt Della, "I hope you are satisfied with what you have done. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful girl? Thank heaven, I never treated my father in such a style," and she bathed the old man's head affectionately.

Susie stood and looked on, indignation and sorrow stamped upon her fair young face; and after coolly surveying the scene, turned and left the room.

An hour or two after she received an imperative summons to the parlor. The old gentleman had a caller, and wanted Susie immediately; so, making a few additions to her toilet, she quietly descended there, to find her father in the best possible humor, examining a portfolio of drawings, and entertaining a fine-looking young gentleman with a great deal of hospitality. The stranger was tall and slight, with dark hair, curling in little rings around his head and temples, eyes, Susie thought, looked extremely like Albert's,

—but, then, in his manner and every motion so unlike her lover, that she did not give it another thought. Albert was quick and almost impetuous in his style of speaking, unusually nervous and restive; this man was graceful and indolent. Then his voice was soft and low. Susie thought she had never heard a gentleman's voice so softly and melodiously attuned.

"Susie, my darling, this young gentleman has come to us with letters of introduction and references from responsible parties, for the purpose of instructing you in drawing and painting. Mr. Murray, my daughter Susie—Susie, Mr. Murray," and the lady and gentleman saluted one another politely.

"You know, Sue, I have always desired you should have an opportunity of taking lessons from a competent artist, and now I am just suited. Upon my word, sir, I never saw any sketches that pleased me so well as these. I am very sure you will find she has some talents."

"But, papa, I don't think I have a particle."

"Tut, tut, child! Come here, and look at these pictures."

And Susie advanced to the table where they were spread out, and taking up a sketch, looked at it attentively. She had certainly seen that before somewhere—yes, and that, too—and that—

and Susie's mischievous eyes commenced to dance with fun.

Papa walked to the mantel to light his meerschaum, and the new drawing-master took advantage of the time to squeeze Miss Susie's hand, and it was all the vixen could do to keep from bursting into a merry laugh; but she restrained herself, and expressed herself willing, if her father thought best, to receive the instructions. So arrangements were made, and Mr. Murray was to spend two hours each day with his pupil, just double the usual time, as Mr. Clarke desired his daughter to make speedy proficiency. Mr. Harding had so many times regretted that Susie did not sketch. He was an excellent art critic—or, rather he so considered himself. And so poor Susie was to work industriously and secure one more pearl to cast before the swine; but Susie didn't see it that way at all, and there was no end to the good times she and Albert enjoyed. The old gentleman looked in occasionally, made a few remarks, asked a few questions, and expressed himself well pleased with her progress.

"Getting on finely, sir, isn't she?"

"Splendidly, Mr. Clarke. She is decidedly the most proficient scholar I have—in love," he would remark, in a soft aside to Susie.

And so they continued to draw and paint, varied once in a while by readings from their favorite authors. Mr. Murray was sometimes invited in to spend an evening with Mr. Clarke, the old gentleman having become very much attached to the young artist.

Mr. Harding didn't relish these visits, and on one occasion took Susie's father one side, and endeavored to reason with him; but the old gentleman was positive that there was no danger of his daughter's falling in love with the artist, and concluded the conversation in this characteristic manner:

"Now, Mr. Harding, look here: I gave you full permission to win my daughter's heart, but, d— it, you don't seem to be making much headway. And I even went so far as to forbid another poor devil the house—not altogether, though, on your account, but I do so detest a lawyer; they are all scamps, the whole kit and boodle of them."

"But this fellow—this stranger—isn't worth a red cent; it is by no means likely. Just nothing but a nameless adventurer, insinuating himself among decent and aristocratic families for the very purpose of marrying the most eligible lady he happens to be brought in contact with. I tell you, Mr. Clarke, you are stark mad to allow this to go on."

"Stop where you are, Harding. Hasn't this fellow, as you call him—gentleman according to my ideas—hasn't he a perfect right to earn his living? and if this isn't as respectable a way as any other—and a trifle more so—then I'm deuced if I can see it. Ha, ha, old boy!"—and the old gentleman grew red in the face with suppressed laughter—"you'll have to hurry up your cakes, else this poor devil will out you out! I begin to think myself that money ain't everything with the girls, and I don't know as it ought to be with the old folks. That Murray rather grows upon me."

And Mr. Clarke meditated a few moments, while Caleb, the poor, distracted millionaire, walked up and down the room, thinking of his houses and lands, his bank stock, his stock-in-trade, etc., and comparing his position with the young man's, whom he thought in a fair way to win the heart of Susie. He had sense enough to see that it was no use reasoning with Mr. Clarke. He was always capricious—more than usually so now; and Caleb, after having spent a miserable evening, rode home, disgusted and out of patience with the world. But he determined to besiege the fortress the next afternoon, and to leave no means untried to bring about a speedy consummation of his wishes.

It was about the middle of June, warm and sultry, and the Clarks were making active preparations for their summer campaign, but still Susie found time for her lessons, and appeared wholly absorbed in her delightful occupation. Mr. Harding dressed himself in the latest style, spared neither time or expense in getting himself up irresistibly, and presented himself at Mr. Clarke's door about three the next afternoon, determined to come to a perfect understanding with Susie, and find out, from her own lips, just what she intended doing; for Mr. Harding knew that his chances were growing beautifully less every day that he lingered in uncertainty. So he was ushered into the drawing-room, and Mr. Clarke came out sociably, and did his best to entertain the bachelor.

"Mr. Clarke, I have called to have a private conversation with Miss Susie this afternoon; her time has been engrossed so much of late with

her drawing lessons, and company, that we have really had no time to exchange a few words alone."

"Certainly, Mr. Harding, there can be no sort of objection to that; but Susie is busy just now. Make yourself comfortable for an hour or two, and by that time she will be disengaged."

Mr. Harding fidgeted considerably, but not knowing very well how to obviate the difficulty, wiped the perspiration from his rubicund face, and waited.

Mr. Clarke began to grow impatient, too, and after exhausting every political and social subject, finally started up suddenly, saying:

"Come, Harding, let's go to the library, and see what the young folks are about!"

Mr. Clarke would persist in classing Mr. Harding with the old folks, very much to that gentleman's discomfort. So, Susie's papa led the way to the study; Mr. Harding bringing up the rear. They certainly made noise enough passing through the halls and stairs to have given sufficient notice of their approach, but for once Susie was off her guard. Aunt Della was taking her afternoon nap. Mr. Clarke, Susie thought down town; and really supposed that she and Albert had undisturbed possession.

Mr. Clarke opened the door, expecting to see the two at the easel, working away with a will, as had always been the case, when the old gentleman made his appearance; but what was his surprise and consternation to behold Master Drawing-master seated on the lounge, with his handsome head buried among the cushions, a volume of "Tennyson" lying as if just dropped from his sleepy fingers, and beside him Susie, with her sweet face reclining on his shoulder, one arm passed through his, and his right arm thrown gently around her; I tell you that was a scene for an artist. Both fast asleep. Mr. Clarke looked at Mr. Harding—then at the unconscious sleepers, and without a word burst into a hearty laugh:

"Out out, Harding—out out; I swear I'm sorry for you; but you wouldn't take my advice to make hay while the sun shone. Ha! ha! ha! Sue, wake up here—you little imp. Ha! ha! isn't this a good joke, Harding? but maybe you can't see it?"

This uproar had the desired effect, and Albert and Susie were on their feet in a moment; two as sheepish-looking customers as can well be imagined.

"Young man," said Mr. Clarke, still laughing, "if I am not mistaken, you have taken your pay for your lessons as you went along, if this is any criterion! Is this the way you do with all your scholars, Mr. Murray?"

"No, sir," said Albert, with dignity; "but Mr. Clarke, I love your daughter, and she loves me; but we have postponed saying anything concerning our mutual affection until I should be sure that you regarded me with some degree of affection; but, Mr. Clarke, you ought to know that it would be next to impossible for any one to be thrown into intimate companionship with your daughter without loving her."

"Of course not—of course not, young man, nobody blames you. Lord, you have my consent to go ahead. Harding, why the d— don't you congratulate them?"

But Mr. Harding stalked down-stairs and out of the hall-door, and has never since been heard from.

"Didn't I tell you, Sue, that you would live to see the time when you would forget all about that scamp of a lawyer?"

"But, papa, I haven't."

Albert was missing, and in a moment returned, saying:

"Forgive this chance, Mr. Clarke, I beseech you; but I saw no chance of Susie's happiness but this; so here is the lawyer as well as the artist. What shall be done?"

"Checkmated, by Jove!" and wonderful to relate, the old gentleman was not able to discover anything in the affair but an excellent joke; and so Mr. Grosenor, alias Mr. Murray, resumed his business in Wall street, and in the fall he and Susie were married.

A RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN INDIA.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A decision has just been pronounced in the High Court of Bombay, which can only be paralleled by supposing a learned Brahmin to have found his way to the bench in England, and to be then called upon to decide whether a certain congregation (say of St. Alban's, Holborn), were Catholic or Protestant. A similar task has been imposed upon the Bombay judge (Sir Joseph Arnould) with respect to the Khojahs of Western India. It appears that these people were converted from Hindooism by a Mohammedan missionary about four hundred years ago; but being very illiterate, without schools, priests, or mosques, and retaining most of their Hindoo customs and usages, they have grown up with very cloudy notions of what their religious tenets really are. The principal object of their veneration is a Persian nobleman named Aga Khan, who has taken up his abode in India during the last twenty-five years, and who is maintained by voluntary contributions from the faithful, amounting to about £10,000 per annum, which he is stated to spend principally in horse-racing. So great is the superstitious reverence with which this individual is regarded, that it appears at meetings of the caste a most exciting scramble ensues for some leaves of betel on which he has been graciously pleased to spit. These Khojahs, however, under our rule are getting on in the world, getting rich; and some of them becoming better informed, have been looking out for a religion with rather a purer faith, and have therefore set up as orthodox Muslims. This movement has led to disputes about the caste property, which has brought the question before a court of equity; but unfortunately for the cause of reform, Sir Joseph Arnould, in a very elaborate judgment, which will be read with much interest by Orientalists, has pronounced that Aga Khan is the lineal descendant of the seventh Imam, and that the Khojahs are, whether they know it or not, pure Ismaelite Shias, and not Sunnis, or orthodox."

THE EMPEROR'S NEEDLE-CANNON.—Among the imperial contributions to the Universal Exhibition is to be a needle-cannon of the Emperor Napoleon III.'s invention, made of steel. This new cannon bears the same affinity to an ordinary cannon as does the needle-gun to the old musket.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"I THINK," said a wife who could not agree with her husband, "I think Mr. Gibbs, we had better divide the house. You shall live on one side, and I on the other."

"Very well, my dear; you take the outside and I'll have the inside."

"HALLOA, Bridget, what o'clock is it? and where's the chicken-pie?" "It's eight, sir."

WHAT is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of steps? One steps up-stairs, and the other stares up steps.

A YANKEE girl, who wished to hire herself out, was asked if she had any followers or sweethearts? After a little hesitation, she replied:

"Well, now, can't exactly say: I be a sorter courted, and a sorter not—reckon more a sorter yes than a sorter no."

WHY is it perfectly natural that physicians should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more likely to see sickness.

WHEN is a vessel smaller than a bonnet? When it is cap-sized.

A PATIENT is in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't.

AN exchange says lovers, like armies, generally get along well enough until they are engaged.

WHEN is Echo like a visiting acquaintance? When she returns your call.

WHY does a sculptor die a harder death than other men? Because he makes faces and busts.

"WERE you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" said a father to his son, who had just returned from his visit to the city.

"Yes, sir; part of the time by two policemen."

THE following is deceptively promulgated under the head of "Zoological Information." The Black Tapir is found in many districts of Sumatra, but the Red Tapir chiefly in the District of Columbia.

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school:

"If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good little girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her!"

"SHALL women have votes?" asked a stump-speaker.

"Certainly," replied a strong-minded woman in the audience. "Is woman made only to sew on buttons? And if she is, it is against the law of nature to turn away the needle from the poll."

THE following letter was written by a father to his son in college:

"MY DEAR SON—I write to send you your socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear that you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

"You had better ask for manners than for money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar boy, who had asked for alms.

"I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

A MAN complained of his daughter's extravagance, because she persisted in buying a waterfall for her head, when she had already a cataract in her eyes. He couldn't brook that.

A NATIVE of New York presents himself at a banker's—"I have been a cashier in America."

"Very well; you ran away with the cash-box, and consequently you cannot run there. It is a safeguard, and I will employ you."

THE Gold Hill (Cal.) *News* says the theory of the aged German physician that life was greatly prolonged by sleeping with his head to the North, finds confirmation in the fact that most American politicians who have, for scores of years, laid their heads to the South, are very dead.

THE elder Booth, the tragedian, had the misfortune to have his nose broken by Tom Flinn. A lady once said to him:

"I like your acting, and beautiful reading, Mr. Booth, but I cannot get over your nose."

"No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone!"

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap, when he left his tail in it.

THE following is the latest "Partingtonism." "Have you any lucubrating drops for a bronchial deficiency," said Mrs. Partington to Dr. Withington, at the corner.

"Is your cold deep-seated?" said the doctor, blandly.

"I don't know how deep it is," she said, with a bark like an Esquimaux dog, "but it is loud enough. What a time for colds this is, to be sure; I declare I am completely exaggerated with my cough."

"You need an expectorant," said the doctor.

"I expect so," replied she, "but whether it will do any good or not must depend upon how it infects me, but I will take a box of atrocious lozenges, any how, which I heard spoken of as melodious."

He spent his time in playing with the dumb-bells, and the old lady asked the doctor to excuse the liberty he took, because the boy was so given to jingling.

AN advertisement says:

"Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

JERROLD and some friends were dining in a private room in a tavern. After dinner the landlord informed the company that the house was partly under repair, and requested that a stranger might be allowed to take a chop at a separate table in the apartment. The company assented, and the stranger, a person of commonplace appearance, was introduced, ate his chop in silence, and then fell asleep, snoring so loudly and inharmoniously that conversation was disturbed. Some gentlemen of the party made a noise, and the stranger, starting from his sleep, shouted to Jerrold:

"I know you, Mr. Jerrold; but you shall not make a butt of me!"

"Then don't bring your leg's head in here," was the prompt reply.

If your sister, while engaged with a sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little boys.

HAVE you heard of the Bowery-boy, who, being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease, which quickly brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him.

"What's my chances, doctor?"

"Not worth speaking of."

"One in twenty?"

"Oh, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred."

"I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just go in like all thunder on that one chance."

The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.



FISHING AT THE SEA ISLANDS, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 389



JASPER SPRING, NEAR SAVANNAH, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 389.



OUT-DOOR RELIEF—A WINTER SCENE IN BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 387.

A CROSS!

BY R. C. SPENCER.

You are fairer, girl, than ever!
I am changed, but not like you;
You are proud—were always clever,
And can hide your heart from view.

You but broke the sorrow's fall, love;
Dead the weight fell down on me!
You remember at the ball, love,
How you boasted you were free?

When your diamonds gleamed upon you,
In your hair, and on your hand!
When he led—who half had won you—
From the dining of the band.

Plain I saw him pleading, then, love,
Saw your face look smilingly!—
Saw, as well, a look of pain, love,
That 'twas not for him to see!

Saw him take your hand and raise it,
While I cursed him, to his lips—
Lightly, fearing he might graze it—
By the small white finger-tips!

I had held it all!—my kisses
Often kissed your face to pale!—
But in such a farce as *this* is
Love were but a stupid tale!

Sad, I know, you wander, fair one,
Though your violet eyes are proud!
If love has a cross, you bear one,
Though you cry not out aloud!

Life is very long; and yours, dear,
Harder far than mine to bear!
It is ordered through our hours, dear,
Woman shall man's burden share!

Yet I envy you the lightness
Of your laugh that rings around—
And your girlish eyes their brightness,
And your happy voice its sound.

Happy?—ah! if all were read, love,
You would die for very shame!—
Sin to wear, when hands are wed, love,
In the heart another's name.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

MAJOR GRANTLY was as intimately acquainted with Miss Anne Prettyman as a man under thirty may well be with a lady nearer fifty than forty, who is not specially connected with him by any family tie; but of Miss Prettyman he knew personally much less. Miss Prettyman, as has before been said, did not go out, and was therefore not common to the eyes of the Silverbridgians. She did occasionally see her friends in her own house, and Grace Crawley's lover, as the major had come to be called, had been there on more than one occasion; but of real personal intimacy between them there had hitherto existed none. He might have spoken, perhaps, a dozen words to her in his life. He had now more than a dozen to speak to her, but he hardly knew how to commence them.

She had got up and courtesied, and had then taken his hand and asked him to sit down.

"My sister tells me that you want to see me," she said, in her softest, mildest voice.

"I do, Miss Prettyman. I want to speak to you about a matter that troubles me very much—very much indeed."

"Anything that I can do, Major Grantly—"

"Thank you, yes. I know that you are very good, or I should not have ventured to come to you. Indeed I shouldn't trouble you now, of course, if it was only about myself. I know very well what a great friend you are to Miss Crawley."

"Yes, I am. We love Grace dearly here."

"So do I," said the Major, bluntly; "I love her dearly, too."

Then he paused, as though he thought that Miss Prettyman seemed to think differently, and he was obliged to go on:

"I don't know whether you have ever heard about, or noticed it, or—"

He felt that he was very awkward and he blushed. Major as he was, he blushed as he sat before the old woman, trying to tell his story, but not knowing how to tell it.

"The truth is, Miss Prettyman, I have done all but asked her to be my wife, and now has come this terrible affair about her father."

"It is a terrible affair, Major Grantly; very terrible."

"By Jove, you may say that!"

"Of course Mr. Crawley is as innocent in the matter as you and I are."

"You think so, Miss Prettyman?"

"Think so. I feel quite sure of it. What; a clergyman of the Church of England, a pious, hardworking country clergyman, whom we have known among us by his good work for years, suddenly turned thief, and pilfer a few pounds! It is not possible, Major Grantly. And the father of such a daughter, too! It is not possible. It may do for men of business to think so, lawyers and such like, who are obliged to think in accordance with the evidence, as they call it; but to my mind the idea is monstrous. I don't know how he got it, and don't care; but I'm quite sure he did not steal it. Whoever heard of anybody becoming so base as that all at once?"

The major was startled by her eloquence, and by the indignant tone of voice in which it was expressed. It seemed to tell him that she would give him no sympathy in that which he had come

to say to her, and to upbraid him already in that he was not prepared to do the magnificent thing of which he had thought when he had been building his castles in the air. Why should he not do the magnificent thing? Miss Prettyman's eloquence was so strong that it half convinced him that the Barchester Club and Mr. Walker had come to a wrong conclusion after all.

"And how does Miss Crawley bear it?" he asked, desirous of postponing for a while any declaration of his own purpose.

"She is very unhappy, of course. Not that she thinks evil of her father."

"Of course she does not think him guilty."

"Nobody thinks him so in this house, Major Grantly," said the little woman, very imperiously.

"But Grace is, naturally enough, very sad—very sad, indeed. I do not think I can ask you to see her to-day."

"I was not thinking of it," said the major.

"Poor, dear girl! it is a great trial for her. Do you wish me to give her any message, Major Grantly?"

The moment had now come in which he must say that which he had come to say. The little woman waited for an answer; and as he was there, within her power as it were, he must speak. I fear that what he said will not be approved by any strong-minded reader. I fear that our lover will henceforth be considered by such a one as being but a weak, wishy-washy man, who had hardly any mind of his own to speak of—that he was a man of no account, as the poor people say.

"Miss Prettyman, what message ought I to send to her?" he said.

"Nay, Major Grantly, how can I tell you that? How can I put words into your mouth?"

"It isn't the words," he said; "but the feelings."

"And how can I tell the feelings of your heart?"

"Oh, as for that, I know what my feelings are. I do love her with all my heart—I do, indeed. A fortnight ago I was only thinking whether she would accept me when I asked her—wondering whether I was too old for her, and whether she would mind having Edith to take care of."

"She is very fond of Edith—very fond indeed."

"Is she?" said the major, more distracted than ever. Why should he not do the magnificent thing after all? "But it is a great charge for a young girl when she marries."

"It is a great charge—a very great charge. It is for you to think whether you should entrust so great a charge to one so young."

"I have no fear of that at all."

"Nor shall I have any—as you ask me. We have known Grace well, thoroughly, and are quite sure that she will do her duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call her."

The major was aware when this was said to him that he had not come to Miss Prettyman for a character of the girl he loved; and yet he was not angry at receiving it. He was neither angry, nor even indifferent. He accepted the character almost gratefully, though he felt that he was being led away from his purpose. He consoled himself for this, however, by remembering that the path by which Miss Prettyman was now leading him led to the magnificent, and to those pleasant castles in the air which he had been building as he walked into Silverbridge. "I am quite sure that she is all that you say," he replied.

"Indeed I had made up my mind about that long ago."

"And what can I do for you, Major Grantly?"

"You think I ought not to see her?"

"I will ask herself, if you please. I have such trust in her judgment that I should leave her altogether to her own discretion."

The magnificent thing must be done, and the major made up his mind accordingly. Something of regret came over his spirit as he thought of a father-in-law disgraced and degraded, and of his own father broken-hearted. But now there was hardly an alternative left to him. And was it not the manly thing for him to do? He had loved the girl before this trouble had come upon her, and was he not bound to accept the burden which his love had brought with it? "I will see her," he said, "at once, if you will let me, and ask her to be my wife. But I must see her alone."

Then Miss Prettyman paused. Hitherto she had undoubtedly been playing her fish cautiously, or rather her young friend's fish—perhaps I may say cunningly. She had descended to artifice on behalf of the girl whom she loved, admired and pitied. She had seen some way into the man's mind, and had been partly aware of his purpose—of his infirmity of purpose, of his double purpose. She had perceived that a word from her might help Grace's chance, and had led the man on till he had committed himself, at any rate to her. In doing this she had been actuated by friendship rather than by abstract principle. But now, when the moment had come in which she must decide upon some action, she paused. Was it right, for the sake of either of them, that an offer of marriage should be made at such a moment as this? It might be very well, in regard to some future time, that the major should have so committed himself. She saw something of the man's spirit, and believed that, having gone so far—having so far told his love, he would return to his love hereafter, let the result of the Crawley trial be what it might. But—but this could be no proper time for love-making. Though Grace loved the man, as Miss Prettyman knew well—though Grace loved the child, having allowed herself to long to call it her own, though such a marriage would be the making of Grace's fortune as those who loved her could hardly have hoped that it should ever have been made, she would certainly refuse the man if he were to propose to her now. She would refuse him, and then the man would be free—free to change his mind if he thought fit. Considering all these things, craftily in the exercise of her friendship, too cunningly, I fear, to satisfy the claims of a high morality, she resolved that the major had better not see Miss Crawley at

the present moment. Miss Prettyman paused before she replied, and when she did speak Major Grantly had risen from his chair, and was standing with his back to the fire.

"Major Grantly," she said, "you shall see her if you please, and if she pleases; but I doubt whether her answer at such a moment as this would be that which you would wish to receive."

"You think she would refuse me?"

"I do not think she would accept you now. She would feel—I am sure she would feel—that these hours of her father's sorrow are not hours in which love should be either offered or accepted. You shall, however, see her, if you please."

The major allowed himself a moment for thought, and as he thought he sighed. Grace Crawley became more beautiful in his eyes than ever, was endowed by these words of Miss Prettyman with new charms and brighter virtues than he had seen before. Let come what might, he would ask her to be his wife on some future day, if he did not ask her now. For the present, perhaps, he had better be guided by Miss Prettyman.

"Then I will not see her," he said.

"I think that will be the wiser course."

"Of course you knew before this that I—loved her?"

"I thought so, Major Grantly."

"And that I intended to ask her to be my wife?"

"Well, since you put the question to me so plainly, I must confess that, as Grace's friend, I should not quite have let things go on as they have gone—though I am not at all disposed to interfere with any girl whom I believe to be pure and good as I know her to be—but still I should hardly have been justified in letting things go as they have gone, if I had not believed that such was your purpose."

"I wanted to set myself right with you, Miss Prettyman."

"You are right with me—quite right," and she got up and gave him her hand. "You are a fine, noble-hearted gentleman, and I hope that our Grace may live to be your happy wife and the mother of your darling child, and the mother of other children. I do not see how a woman could have a happier lot in life."

"And will you give Grace my love?"

"I will tell her, at any rate, that you have been here, and that you have inquired after her with the greatest kindness. She will understand what that means without any word of love."

"Can I do anything for her, or for her father, I mean in the way of—money? I don't mind mentioning it to you, Miss Prettyman."

"I will tell her that you are ready to do it, if anything can be done. For myself, I feel no doubt that the mystery will be cleared up at last; and then, if you will come here, we shall be so glad to see you—I shall, at least."

Then the major went, and Miss Prettyman herself actually descended with him into the hall, and bade him farewell most affectionately before her sister and two of the maids who came out to open the door. Miss Anne Prettyman, when she saw the great friendship with which the major was dismissed, could not contain herself, but asked most impudent questions, in a whisper indeed, but in such a whisper that any sharp-eyed maid-servant could hear and understand them. "Is it settled?" she asked, when her sister had ascended only the first flight of stairs; "has he popped?"

The look with which the elder sister punished and dismayed the younger I would not have borne for twenty pounds. She simply looked and said nothing, but passed on.

When she regained her room she rang the bell, and desired the servant to ask Miss Crawley to be good enough to step to her. Poor Miss Anne retired discomfited into the solitude of one of the lower rooms, and sat for some minutes all alone, recovering from the shock of her sister's anger. "At any rate, he hasn't popped," she said to herself, as she made her way back to the school.

After that Miss Prettyman and Miss Crawley were closeted together for about an hour. What passed between them need not be repeated here word for word; but it may be understood that Miss Prettyman said no more than she ought to have said, and that Grace understood all that she ought to have understood.

"No man ever behaved with more considerate friendship or more like a gentleman," said Miss Prettyman.

"I am sure he is very good, and I am so glad he did not ask to see me," said Grace.

Then Grace went away, and Miss Prettyman sat awhile in thought, considering what she had done, not without some stings of conscience.

Major Grantly, as he walked home, was not altogether satisfied with himself, though he gave himself credit for diplomacy, which I do not think he deserved. He felt that Miss Prettyman and the world in general, should the world in general ever hear anything about it, would give him credit for having behaved well; and that he had obtained this credit without committing himself to the necessity of marrying the daughter of a thief, should things turn out badly in regard to the father. But—and this but robbed him of all the pleasure which comes from real success—but he had not treated Grace Crawley with the perfect generosity which love owes, and he was in some degree ashamed of himself. He felt, however, that he might probably have Grace, should he choose to ask for her when this trouble should have passed by.

"And I will," he said to himself, as he entered the gate of his own paddock, and saw his child in her perambulator before the nurse. "And I will ask her, sooner or later, let things go as they may." Then he took the perambulator under his own charge for half an hour, to the satisfaction of the nurse, of the child, and of himself.

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. CRAWLEY IS TAKEN TO SILVERBRIDGE.

It had become necessary on Monday morning

that Mrs. Crawley should obtain from her husband an undertaking that he would present himself before the magistrates at Silverbridge on the Thursday. She had been made to understand that the magistrates were sinning against the strict rule of the law in not issuing a warrant at once for Mr. Crawley's apprehension; and that they were so sinning at the instance of Mr. Walker—at whose instance they would have committed almost any sin practicable by a board of English magistrates, so great was their faith in him; and she knew that she was bound to answer her engagement. She had also another task to perform—that, namely, of persuading him to employ an attorney for his defense; and she was prepared with the name of an attorney, one Mr. Mason, also of Silverbridge, who had been recommended to her by Mr. Walker. But when she came to the performance of these two tasks on the Monday morning, she found that she was unable to accomplish either of them. Mr. Crawley first declared that he would have nothing to do with any attorney. As to that he seemed to have made up his mind beforehand, and she saw at once that she had no hope of shaking him. But when she found that he was equally obstinate in the other matter, and that he declared that he would not go before the magistrates unless he were made to do so—unless the policemen came and fetched him—then she almost sank beneath the burden of her troubles, and for a while was disposed to let things go as they would. How could she strive to bear a load that was so manifestly too heavy for her shoulders?

On the Sunday the poor man had exerted himself to get through his Sunday duties, and he had succeeded. He had succeeded so well that his wife had thought that things might yet come right with him, that he would remember before it was too late the true history of that unhappy bit of paper, and that he was rising above that half madness which for months past had afflicted him. On the Sunday evening, when he was tired with his work, she thought it best to say nothing to him about the magistrates and the business of Thursday. But on the Monday morning she commenced her task, feeling that she owed it to Mr. Walker to lose no more time. He was very decided in his manners and made her understand that he would employ no lawyer on his own behalf. "Why should I want a lawyer? I have done nothing wrong," he said. Then she tried to make him understand that many who may have done nothing wrong require a lawyer's aid. "And who is to pay him?" he asked. To this she replied, unfortunately, that there would be no need of thinking of that at once. "And I am to get further into debt!" he said. "I am to put myself right before the world by incurring debts which I know I can never pay? When it has been a question of food for the children I have been weak, but I will not be weak in such a matter as this. I will have no lawyer." She did not regard this denial on his part as very material, though she would fain have followed Mr. Walker's advice had she been able; but when, later in the day, he declared that police should fetch him, then her spirit gave way. Early in the morning he had seemed to assent to the expediency of going into Silverbridge on the Thursday, and it was not till after he had worked himself into a rage about the proposed attorney that he utterly refused to make the journey. During the whole day, however, his state was such as almost to break his wife's heart. He would do nothing. He would not go to the school, nor even stir beyond the house-door. He would not open a book. He would not eat, nor would he even sit at table to say the accustomed grace when the scanty mid-day meal was placed upon the table. "Nothing is blessed to me," he said, when his wife pressed him to say the words for their child's sake. "Shall I say that I thank God when my heart is thankless? Shall I serve my child by a lie?" Then for hours he sat in the same position, in the old arm-chair, hanging over the fire speechless, sleepless, thinking ever, as she well knew, of the injustice of the world. She hardly dared to speak to him, so great was the bitterness of his words when he was goaded to reply. At last, late in the evening, feeling that it would be her duty to send in to Mr. Walker early on the following morning, she laid her hand gently on his shoulder and asked him for his promise.

"I may tell Mr. Walker that you will be there on Thursday?"

"No!" he said, shouting at her. "No. I will have no such message sent."

She started back, trembling. Not that she was accustomed to tremble at his ways, or to show that she feared him in his paroxysms, but that his voice had been louder than she had before known it.

"I will hold no intercourse with them at Silverbridge in this matter. Do you hear me, Mary?"

"I hear you, Josiah; but I must keep my word to Mr. Walker. I promised that I would send to him."

"Tell him, then, that I will not stir a foot out of this house on Thursday of my own accord. On Thursday I shall be here; and here I will remain all day—unless they take me hence by force."

"But, Josiah—"

"Will you obey me, or shall I walk into Silverbridge myself and tell the man that I will not come to him?"

Then he arose from his chair and stretched forth his hand to his hat as though he were going forth immediately on his way to Silverbridge. The night was now pitch dark, and the rain was falling, and abroad he would encounter all the severity of the pitiless winter. Still it might have been better that he should have gone. The exercise and the fresh air, even the wet and the mud, would have served to bring back his mind to reason. But his wife thought of the misery of the journey, of his scanty clothing, of his worn boots, of the need there was to preserve the raiment which he wore; and she remembered that he was fasting—that he had eaten nothing since the morning—and that

he was not fit to be alone. She stopped him, therefore, before he could reach the door.

"Your bidding shall be done," she said, "of course."

"Tell them, then, that they must seek me here if they want me."

"But, Josiah, think of the parish—of the people who respect you—for their sakes let it not be said that you were taken away by policemen."

"Was St. Paul not bound in prison? Did he think of what the people might see?"

"If it were necessary, I would encourage you to bear it without a murmur."

"It is necessary, whether you murmur or do not murmur. Murmur, indeed! Why does not your voice ascend to heaven with one loud wail against the cruelty of man?"

Then he went forth from the room into an empty chamber on the other side of the passage; and his wife, when she followed him there after a few minutes, found him on his knees, with his forehead against the floor, and with his hands clutched at the scanty hairs of his head. Often before had she seen him so, on the same spot, half groveling, half prostrate in prayer, reviling in his agony all things around him—nay, nearly all things above him—and yet striving to reconcile himself to his Creator by the humiliation of confession.

It might be better with him now, if only he could bring himself to some softness of heart. Softly she closed the door, and placing the candle on the mantel-shelf, softly she knelt beside him, and softly touched his hand with hers. He did not stir nor utter a word, but seemed to clutch at his thin locks more violently than before. Then she kneeling there, aloud, but with low voice, with her thin hands clasped, uttered a prayer in which she asked her God to remove from her husband the bitterness of that hour. He listened till she had finished, and then he rose slowly to his feet.

"It is in vain," said he. "It is all in vain. It is all in vain."

Then he returned back to the parlor, and seating himself again in the arm-chair, remained there without speaking till past midnight. At last, when she told him that she herself was very cold, and reminded him that for the last hour there had been no fire, still speechless, he went up with her to their bed.

Early on the following morning she contrived to let him know that she was about to send a neighbor's son over with a note to Mr. Walker, fearing to urge him further to change his mind; but hoping that he might express his purpose of doing so when he heard that the letter was to be sent; but he took no notice whatever of her words. At this moment he was reading Greek with his daughter, or rather rebuking her because she could not be induced to read Greek.

"Oh, papa," the poor girl said, "don't scold me now. I am so unhappy because of all this."

"And am not I unhappy?" he said, as he closed the book. "My God, what have I done against thee, that my lines should be cast in such terrible places?"

The letter was sent to Mr. Walker. "He knows himself to be innocent," said the poor wife, writing what best excuse she knew how to make, "and thinks that he should take no step himself in such a matter. He will not employ a lawyer, and he says that he should prefer that he should be sent for, if the law requires his presence at Silverbridge on Thursday." All this she wrote, as though she felt that she ought to employ a high tone in defending her husband's purpose; but she broke down altogether in the few words of the postscript. "Indeed, indeed I have done what I could!" Mr. Walker understood it all, both the high tone and the subsequent fall.

On the Thursday morning, at about ten o'clock, a fly stopped at the gate of the Hoggstock Parsonage, and out of it there came two men. One was dressed in ordinary black clothes, and seemed from his bearing to be a respectable man of the middle class of life. He was, however, the superintendent of police for the Silverbridge district. The other man was a policeman, pure and simple, with the helmet-looking hat which has lately become common, and all the ordinary half-military and wholly disagreeable outward adjuncts of the profession. "Wilkins," said the superintendent, "likely enough I shall want you, for they tell me the gent is uncommon strange. But if I don't call you when I come out, just open the door like a servant, and mount up on the box when we're in. And don't speak nor say nothing." Then the senior policeman entered the house.

He found Mrs. Crawley sitting in the parlor with her bonnet and shawl on, and Mr. Crawley in the arm-chair, leaning over the fire. "I suppose we had better go with you," said Mrs. Crawley, directly the door was opened; for of course she had seen the arrival of the fly from the window.

"The gentleman had better come with us if he'll be so kind," said Thompson. "I've brought a close carriage for him."

"But I may go with him?" said the wife, with frightened voice. "I may accompany my husband. He is not well, sir, and wants assistance."

Thompson thought about it for a moment before he spoke. There was room in the fly for only two, or if for three, still he knew his place better than to thrust himself inside together with his prisoner and his prisoner's wife. He had been specially asked by Mr. Walker to be very civil. Only one could sit on the box with the driver, and if the request was conceded the poor policeman must walk back. The walk, however, would not kill the policeman. "All right, ma'am," said Thompson; "that is, if the gentleman will just pass his word not to get out till I ask him."

"He will not! He will not!" said Mrs. Crawley.

"I will pass my word for nothing," said Mr. Crawley.

Upon hearing this, Thompson assumed a very low face, and shook his head as he turned his eyes first toward the husband and then toward the wife, and shrugged his shoulders, and com-



pressing his lips, blew out his breath, as though in this way he might blow off some of the mingled sorrow and indignation with which the gentleman's words afflicted him.

Mrs. Crawley rose and came close to him. "You may take my word for it, he will not stir. You may indeed. He thinks it incumbent on him not to give any undertaking himself, because he feels himself to be so harshly used."

"I don't know about harshness," said Thompson, bristling up. "A close carriage brought, and—"

"I will walk. If I am made to go, I will walk," shouted Mr. Crawley.

"I did not allude to you—or to Mr. Walker," said the poor wife. "I know you have been most kind. I meant the harshness of the circumstances. Of course he is innocent, and you must feel for him."

"Yes, I feel for him, and for you too, ma'am."

"That is all I meant. He knows his own innocence, and therefore he is unwilling to give way in anything."

"Of course he knows himself, that's certain. But he'd better come in the carriage, if only because of the dirt and slush."

"He will go in the carriage; and I will go with him. There will be room there for you, sir."

Thompson looked up at the rain, and told himself that it was very cold. Then he remembered Mr. Walker's injunction, and bethought himself that Mrs. Crawley, in spite of her poverty, was a lady. He conceived even unconsciously the idea that something was due to her because of her poverty. "I'll go with the driver," said he, "but he'll only give himself a deal of trouble if he attempts to get out."

"He won't; he won't," said Mrs. Crawley. "And I thank you with all my heart."

"Come along then," said Thompson.

She went up to her husband, hat in hand, and looking round to see that she was not watched, put the hat on his head, and then lifted him, as it were, from his chair. He did not refuse to be led, and allowed her to throw round his shoulders the old cloak which was hanging in the passage, and then he passed out, and was the first to seat himself in the Silverbridge fly. His wife followed him, and did not hear the blandishments with which Thompson instructed his myrmidon to follow through the mud on foot. Slowly they made their way through the lanes, and it was nearly twelve when the fly was driven into the yard of the George and Vulture at Silverbridge.

Silverbridge, though it was blessed with a mayor and corporation, and was blessed also with a Member of Parliament all to itself, was not blessed with any court-house. The magistrates were therefore compelled to sit in the big room at the George and Vulture, in which the county balls were celebrated, and the meeting of the West Barsetshire Free Masons was held. That part of the country was, no doubt, very much ashamed of its backwardness in this respect, but as yet nothing had been done to remedy the evil. Thompson and his fly were therefore driven into the yard of the inn, and Mr. and Mrs. Crawley were ushered by him into a little bed-chamber, close adjoining the big room in which the magistrates were already assembled.

"There's a bit of fire here," said Thompson, "and you can make yourselves a little warm." He himself was shivering with the cold. "When the gents is ready in there, I'll just come and fetch you."

"I may go in with him?" said Mrs. Crawley.

"I'll have a chair for you at the end of the table, just nigh to him," said Thompson. "You can slip into it and say nothing to nobody."

Then he left them and went away to the magistrates.

Mr. Crawley had not spoken a word since he had entered the vehicle. Nor had she said much to him, but had sat with him holding his hand in hers. Now he spoke to her:

"Where is it that we are?" he asked.

"At Silverbridge, dearest."

"But what is this chamber? And why are we here?"

"We are to wait here till the magistrates are ready. They are in the next room."

"But this is the inn?"

"Yes, dear, it is the inn."

"And I see crowds of people about."

There were crowds of people about. There had been men in the yard, and others standing about on the stairs, and the public room was full of men who were curious to see the clergyman who had stolen twenty pounds, and to hear what would be the result of the case before the magistrates. He must be committed, so, at least, said everybody; but then there would be the question of bail. Would the magistrates let him out on bail, and who would be the bailmen?

"Why are the people here?" said Mr. Crawley.

"I suppose it is the custom when the magistrates are sitting," said his wife.

"They have come to see the degradation of a clergyman," said he, "and they will not be disappointed."

"Nothing can degrade but guilt," said his wife.

"Yes, misfortune can degrade, and poverty. A man is degraded when the cares of the world press so heavily upon him that he cannot rouse himself. They have come to look at me as though I were a hunted beast."

"It is but their custom always on such days."

"They have not always a clergyman before them as a criminal." Then he was silent for a while, while she was chafing his cold hands. "Would that I were dead, before they had brought me to this! Would that I were dead!"

"Is it not right, dear, that we should all bear what He sends us?"

"Would that I were dead!" he repeated. "The load is too heavy for me to bear, and I would that I were dead!"

The time seemed to be very long before Thompson returned and asked them to accompany him into the big room. When he did so, Mr. Crawley grasped hold of his chair, as though he had resolved that he would not go. But his wife whispered a word to him, and he obeyed her.

"He will follow me," she said to the policeman.

And in that way they went from the small room into the large one. Thompson went first, Mrs. Crawley with her veil down came next, and the wretched man followed his wife, with his eyes fixed upon the ground and his hands clasped together upon his breast. He could at first have seen nothing, and could hardly have known where he was when they placed him in a chair. She, with a better courage, contrived to look round through her veil, and saw that there was a long board or table, covered with green cloth, and that six or seven gentlemen were sitting at one end of it, while there seemed a crowd standing along the sides and about the room. Her husband was seated at the other end of the table, near the corner, and round the corner, so that she might be close to him, her chair had been placed. On the other side of him there was another chair, now empty, intended for any professional gentleman whom he might choose to employ.

There were five magistrates sitting there. Lord Lufton, from Framley, was in the chair; a handsome man, still young, who was very popular in the county. The check which had been cashed had borne his signature, and he had, consequently, expressed his intention of not sitting at the board; but Mr. Walker, desirous of having him there, had overruled him, showing him that the loss was not his loss; the check, if stolen, had not been stolen from him; he was not the prosecutor.

"No, by Jove," said Lord Lufton; "if I could quash the whole thing, I'd do it at once!"

"You can't do that, my lord, but you may help us at the board," said Mr. Walker.

Then there was the Hon. George De Courcy, Lord De Courcy's brother from Castle Courcy. Lord De Courcy did not live in the county, but his brother did so, and endeavored to maintain the glory of the family by the discretion of his conduct. He was not, perhaps, among the wisest of men; but he did very well as a country magistrate, holding his tongue, keeping his eyes open, and, on such occasions as this, obeying Mr. Walker in all things. Dr. Tempest was also there, the rector of the parish, he being both magistrate and clergyman. There were many in Silverbridge who declared that Dr. Tempest would have done far better to stay away when a brother clergyman was thus to be brought before the bench; but it

had been long since Dr. Tempest had cared what was said about him in Silverbridge. He had become so accustomed to the life he led as to like to be disliked, and to be enamored of unpopularity. So when Mr. Walker had ventured to suggest to him, that, perhaps, he might not choose to be there, he had laughed Mr. Walker to scorn.

"Of course I shall be there," he said. "I am interested in the case—very much interested. Of course I shall be there."

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE NINTH LECTURE.—MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

"So, Mr. CAUDLE, I hope you enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you've been at Greenwich? I know it very well, sir; know all about it; know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it, when you went out of the house to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. Upon my word! And you call yourself a respectable man, and the father of a family. Going to a fair among all sorts of people—at your time of life! Yes, and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh, no! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with I don't know who; go out, and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me; I hear what a nice companion Mr. Caudle is; what a good-tempered person. Ha! I only wish people could see you at home—that's all. But so it is with men. They can keep all their good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh, dear! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman!"

"Now, Caudle, I'm not in an ill-temper—not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married; I used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out; but I've got over that. I wouldn't put myself out of the way now for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get? None at all. No; it's those who don't care for their families who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care for mine."

"And why couldn't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair when you went out? It's no use your saying that, Mr. Caudle; don't tell me that you didn't think of going; you'd made your mind up to it, and you know it. Pretty games you've had, no doubt! I should like to have been behind you—that's all. A man at your time of life!"

"And I, of course, I never want to go out. Oh, no! I may stay at home with the cat. You couldn't think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh, no, you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure many people don't know you're married at all—how can they? Your wife's never seen with you. Oh, no, anybody but those belonging to you!"

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes—and of course you went up and down the hill, running and racing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, Mr. Caudle, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No; I won't hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago—it's all the same for that. No; and if I live for fifty years to come, I never will leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Caudle. Ha! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again—that's all. I wouldn't be the fool I have been."

"Going to a fair! and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gipsies? You needn't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell you your fortune if you go on as you do. Yes, the jail will be your fortune, Mr. Caudle. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children didn't suffer with you."

"And then you must go riding upon donkeys—You didn't go riding upon donkeys? Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I dare say you did. I tell you, Caudle, I know what you are when you're out. I wouldn't trust any of you—you, especially, Caudle."

"Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! You couldn't help it, if they did scratch your coat? Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And you must go in a swing too. You didn't go in a swing? Well, if you didn't, it was no fault of yours; you wished to go, I've no doubt."

"And then you must go into the shows? There, you don't deny that. You did go into a show. What of it, Mr. Caudle? A good deal of it, sir. Nice crowding and squeezing in those shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a married man and the father of a family. No, I won't hold my tongue. It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kites in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, Mr. Caudle. Oh, I dare say you did play at it; if you didn't, you'd have liked, and that's just as bad; and you can go into swings, and shows, and roundabouts. If I was you, I should hide my head under the clothes, and be ashamed of myself."

"And what is most selfish—most mean of you, Caudle—you can go and enjoy yourself, and never so much as bring home for the poor children a gingerbread nut. Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts! Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked."

"But I dare say I shall hear all about it tomorrow. I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown-and-Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No; I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous; and everybody that knows you says so. Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you. "Going to a fair, indeed! At your time—"

"Here," says Caudle, "I dozed off, hearing confusedly the words—hills—gipsies—rattles—roundabouts—swings—pink bonnet—nuts."

"THE KITCHEN MAID"—By Moeslager.

The engraving of a girl engaged in polishing a vessel, which we present on this page, is from a capital picture to be seen in the gallery of H. W. Derby, No. 845 Broadway. Moeslager, the artist, who painted this picture, reminds us, in his manner of working, of Carl Hubner, whose pictures are so well-known in this country, to which some of them find their way every year. From the engraving some idea may be formed of the truthfulness that pervades Moeslager's characters—the types of which, in our judgment, are generally better than those selected by Hubner. Apart from this, the painting is wrought out with great power and attention to details. The school to which the artist belongs is not one in which shirking difficulties is tolerated. Everything in the picture bears evidence of having been carefully studied from the particular object represented, though, with all this accuracy, there is nothing either in the color or composition to disturb the harmony of the whole.

The genre style is not yet as common a one with our American artists as we trust it will come to be, though some of our artists have already made for themselves a deserved reputation in this branch of art. The study of every-day life, and the representation of the ordinary duties, actions, trials and rewards, which make up daily existence, are more characteristic of European art than of our own. To any one who visits a gallery where foreign pictures are hung side by side with those of our own artists, this contrast will be the more striking. Perhaps as convenient a place to see this is the very gallery in which is the original of "The Kitchen Maid." It has the advantage of containing the entire collection made by a private gentleman of fortune and taste, and thus escapes the difficulty in the way of a public gallery, which is collected generally by accident and donor. Each picture being selected for its merits, and the art of Europe being represented with our own, the contrast is the more striking. With Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," "The Burial of Counts Horn and Egmont," Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," and the rest of the collection which fitly support these, the opportunity for the contrast is the best now offered in the galleries of this city.

Masonic Relics in the Solomon Lodge, Savannah, Georgia.

This interesting group of relics, now in the possession of Solomon's Lodge, at Savannah, Ga., were sketched on the spot by our artist. The Bible, lying open upon the table, was presented, in 1735, to the Lodge by General James Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia, and has been ever since in the possession of the Lodge, and used by them in the ceremonies of initiation. Of the swords, the larger, with the curved blade, belonged also to Oglethorpe; and the other, the straight one, was Lafayette's, and was used by him in the ceremonies at the laying the cornerstone of the Pulaski and Greene monument in Savannah, in the year 1826. The pitcher is covered with Masonic designs, and was made in France and presented to the Lodge in 1820. The chair was presented to the Lodge, in 1865, by Charles C. Jones, Esq., and thus described in his letter accompanying the gift:

SAVANNAH, Oct. 31, 1865.
To the W. M., Wardens and Brethren of Solomon's Lodge, No. 1, F. A. M., Savannah, Georgia.

GENTLEMEN—Permit me to offer for your acceptance a chair, made of a portion of the oak under which, if tradition may be relied upon, General Oglethorpe organized the first Masonic Lodge in Georgia. That oak, venerable in its antiquity, and consecrated by several historical associations connected with the early settlement of Georgia, grew upon the Bermuda-covered bluff of Sunbury, once the principal seaport town of this State. Some years since, yielding to the inevitable law of decay, this monarch of the primeval forest bowed its aged, moss-covered head, and now not a vestige remains to remind one of its former existence. The slats of the chair are made of a "Fride of China," growing near.

I trust that this rude memento may not prove uninteresting. With my respectful regards for yourselves, and sincere appreciation of the ends and aims of your time-honored institution, I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

The gavels represented below were also made from portions of the same oak tree, and were presented to the Lodge in 1859. Such an interesting group of relics, so intimately connected with

the history of Georgia and Masonry, will interest all who take an interest in preserving the traditions and relics of the past.

MEAT FOR THE MILLION.

In the prairies of South America, animals are so plenty that plans for bringing their meat here

nutritious than salt beef. The South American beef is all lean.

A further disadvantage is, that the animal is killed while in a state of high excitement from exercise. Wild herds are driven in from pasture at full gallop into a large enclosed space, and then goaded out one by one to meet the knife of

we shall have good reason to be satisfied. The first of these is now pretty well known as Liebig's Extractum Carnis; the second, that of Mr. Morgan, is an improved process of salting; the third, of Messrs. Paris and Sloper, may be called the deoxygenating process. Baron Liebig's plan has one great merit: it extracts almost all the watery constituents from the preserved meat. We know that in every hundred pounds of butcher meat there are about seventy-eight pounds of water. Now, water is good enough in itself, and (especially) when mixed with other things, but is certainly not worth the expense of bringing from South America. On the other hand, the Extractum Carnis, which is something like treacle in consistency, and glaze in flavor, is fit for nothing but soup; and we want something with more body in it for hard-working men and women. We obtain this by the other plans, but then we have the water as well; so that an absolutely perfect process has still to be invented.

In making Liebig's Extractum, the meat, after hanging to cool for twenty-four hours, is put into rapidly revolving cylinders, armed with sharp teeth inside, and so torn into a pulp, much in the same way as paper is made. This pulp is passed into a vat with water, and is steamed for an hour; after which it flows on to a trough-shaped reservoir or strainer, by which the liquor is separated from the in-nutritious fibre; and the former drips into another vat, where all the fat is skimmed off. We have now to get rid of the water, and this is done by boiling the liquor in large open vats with jets of steam; at the same time, a current of air from bellows is passed over the surface, to increase the evaporation, and to prevent the steam from returning, condensed, into the vats. This process lasts for about eight hours; and the condensed liquor is then filtered off, and ready for packing in tins or jars. One pound of this essence contains the goodness of thirty-three pounds of meat, or enough to make soup for ten dozen men; and we can testify to its excellence. It is at present sold almost entirely by apothecaries, who must make a large profit on it.

Mr. Morgan, the author of the second plan, avails himself of the natural organs of circulation for diffusing the brine through the meat. The heart is opened, and the blood allowed to run out; then, into the left ventricle, where all circulation begins, is fastened a gutta-percha tube, communicating with a reservoir of brine some twenty feet above the ground. By natural pressure, the liquor permeates every artery and vein; and the completion of the process is ascertained when the brine begins to flow from the right ventricle, or the terminus of our natural circulation. The whole process for preserving an ox only occupies about ten minutes; the pressure exerted being about eleven pounds to the square inch, and some thirteen gallons of brine being injected. Its completeness is proved by the fact, that if an incision be afterward made in the flesh, a stream of brine exudes. It has also this advantage over the ordinary process of salting from the outside, that it does not extract the natural juices of the meat. As a preservative agent, it combines with and coagulates them in the substance of the meat; and it is proposed to improve its action by the addition of phosphoric acid (the main element of a vegetable diet) and nitrate of

potash. The third process, however, promises to give us meat in its fresh and raw state, like butcher meat just killed, at from eight to ten cents a pound. The principle is not new, for just thirty years ago a patent was taken out for preserving meat in cases whence the oxygen was exhausted, and its place supplied by gases which are non-supporters of combustion. This was a French patent, and proposed, after soaking the meat in brine, to replace atmospheric air by carbonic acid gas, or by a combination of hydrogen and azote. The gas which the present patentees use is still a secret; but the whole process, if successful, deserves for its ingenuity and utility the protection of a patent. One advantage is, that we get rid of the bone, and retain the fat. Thus, in enumerating the merits of our three plans, we may remember that the first gets rid of water and bone, but loses the carbonaceous elements contained in the fat; the second retains all the principles of the meat, but little deteriorated by salting, yet gives the useless cost of importing bone and water; the third still imports the water, but saves the carriage of bone, and retains the nutriment of the fat. A very simple plan is resorted to for exhausting the oxygen from the tins in which the meat is packed—water is forced in from a small hole in the bottom, and all air thus driven out at another small hole in the top, the tins being otherwise hermetically sealed. As soon

as the water begins to flow from the upper hole, the pressure is stopped, and from above, a stream of the unknown gas forces the water out, and takes its place. The stopping of the two orifices must be a matter of some nicety, as the whole merit of the plan rests on the complete exclusion of atmospheric air; but however this may be done, when the holes are soldered up, each tin is ready for exportation.



"THE KITCHEN MAID."—FROM A PAINTING BY MOESLAGER.

are exciting attention. It is well known that the process of preservation by salting, to a great extent deprives meat of its nutritious qualities, by extracting much of the albuminous and nitrogenous elements. No experienced housewife will have a boiled round of beef for dinner without

the slaughterer; so that they have been chased for perhaps five or six hours immediately before being killed. Now, we know that the result of this active exercise is to exhaust the nitrogenous constituents of the flesh, and thus to render it even more sensitive to the subsequent extractive

vantage over the ordinary process of salting from the outside, that it does not extract the natural juices of the meat. As a preservative agent, it combines with and coagulates them in the substance of the meat; and it is proposed to improve its action by the addition of phosphoric acid (the main element of a vegetable diet) and nitrate of



MASONIC RELICS IN THE SOLOMON LODGE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

giving us the following day a bowl of pease-soup; and with good reason, for the latter is made with the liquor in which the beef has been boiled, and contains no small portion of its albumen and nitrogen. It is found that this extractive process of salting operates much more rapidly upon lean than upon fat meat. Hence salt pork is more

powers of the brine in which it is to be preserved. These two causes make it still a matter of doubt whether we can get as good meat from Brazil as we have here; but there is no doubt that we can get it sufficiently good; and if any one of the processes which we are about to describe will bring it to our homes at from eight to ten cents a pound

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HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



TORNADO IN MISSISSIPPI.

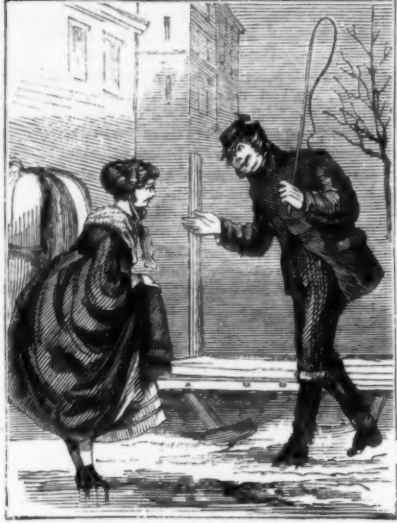
HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

Tornado in Mississippi.

A fearful tornado recently swept across the country, about seventy-five miles above Vicksburg. In Island 97 in the Mississippi River it made a pathway through the woods about four hundred yards wide, tearing the trees up and tossing them violently in every direction. Its course was about south-west, varying toward the west. All the buildings on the plantation of Mrs. Nelson, on the banks of the Mississippi, were prostrated. A wagon, with a pair of mules attached, was carried ninety feet, overturned and smashed. Mrs. Nelson was fatally injured by falling timbers, and two of her children were badly hurt. Various other destructions of property are reported, and several losses of life.

A Reduction in the Tariff.

A gentleman who had been informed of the extortions usually practiced by the hackmen of New York, narrates the following plan which he devised and practiced with success in a recent visit to the metropolis. Having a lady with him, he took a carriage at the depot, and the following was his experience: Upon reaching the hotel he alighted and asked the price for the ser-



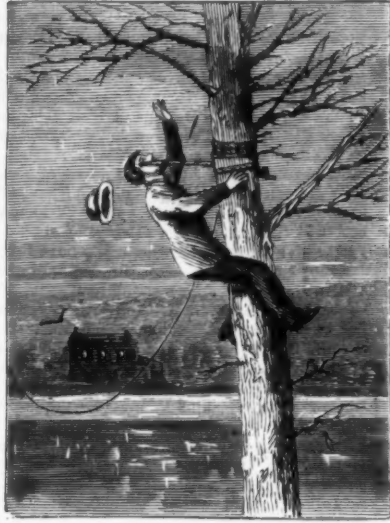
A CANDIDATE FOR THE JEROME MEDAL.

A Candidate for the Jerome Medal.

A Boston paper tells a story of an Irish teamster, who, seeing a lady unable to cross a street during one of the days of the slush, reined his horse so as to bring his sled directly across the street—in Boston the streets are not all wide—whereupon the lady accepted his extended hand and crossed without difficulty on the sled. It is not stated that the Irishman has any intention of competing for Mr. Jerome's prize medal, but it would be an excellent plan if he could be sent to all the colleges of the country in rotation, and finally to Congress; but in default of this, the next best plan is to give the greatest publicity to his politeness, and make it productive of the greatest influence, is to picture it on this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Foiled by a Dog.

In Cincinnati, recently, an attempt to rob the house of Mr. J. Sickling was foiled by a dog, in the following way: The gentlemen of the house were absent, and only a young lady, fortunately accompanied by a large bull-terrier dog, remained at home. The dog being excited by a noise heard outside, attracted the attention of the young lady. Finally a loud knock being made upon the door alarmed her, but being reassured by the



A SINGULAR DEATH.

she heeded not that her steps had left the beaten track, and that, instead of the winding pathway, she was wading through the long grass. Our heroine was proceeding at a very leisurely pace, when she was startled by treading on something which gave abundant signs of life by a most extraordinary process of wriggling, coiling and uncoiling, all of which movements were performed simultaneously, and in so dexterous a manner as to be highly amusing to any person not an actor in the scene. Observing, at the first glance that she had trodden on a snake's neck, about an inch or an inch and a half below its head, and that, from the position in which it was then placed, it could not turn its head sufficiently to bite her, she bravely made up her mind to detain the reptile a prisoner until assistance arrived, and with Spartanlike courage carried out her resolution. In about twenty minutes she was relieved from her arduous task, and the snake, which was nearly four feet in length, was speedily dispatched with the thick end of a fishing-rod. The danger passed, the fair stroller expressed herself none the worse of her adventure, although she declined to pursue her walk any further that evening.

A Singular Death.

Since the old bridge, three miles south of Lewisburg,



A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

Broadway fashionable, she sailed from the room with an air of insulted dignity.

A Novel Lecture Scheme.

The inhabitants of Easton, Pennsylvania, were recently excited by the posters and advertisements announcing that on such an evening a learned "professor" would give a grand exhibition in the public hall in which he would show the complete control he exercised over the feline and canine family, by making a number of cats and dogs do everything he desired of them. He requested the people to bring their "household pets." A very large audience, made up of bipeds and quadrupeds in about equal proportions, assembled and crowded into the hall, which was soon filled with all varieties of men and women, as well as cats and dogs. The busy hum of expectation, the whispers of curiosity, the hardly suppressed growlings of the dogs, the lifting of the cats, the faint screams of some timid female whose feline favorite was threatened by the canine companion of some rough in her vicinity, increasing gradually as the hall became more and more crowded, reached finally such a storm of discordant sounds, that the attention of the audience was diverted from the object of their gathering, and the matter might have become



A REDUCTION IN THE TARIFF.

vice. "Five dollars," said Jehu. Handing him a five dollar greenback, the gentleman inquired quietly: "What is your number?" "Four dollars," he answered gruffly. "Here are four dollars. What is your number?" "Three dollars," said the fellow sulkily. "Here are three. Now your number, sir?" "Two dollars—little 'nuff, too," rejoined the driver. "Two then; here they are. What is your number?" "One dollar, cap'n—one dollar'll do," replied whip. "Here is your dollar," said our friend, civilly; "all you are entitled to. It's no consequence as to your number now. Good morning." And the parties separated mutually wiser.

A Big Thing on Ice.

A Quebec paper describes the following novel style of progression on one of the skating rinks in the vicinity of that city: "Among those on the ice, a young lady attracted great attention. She had with her a large Newfoundland dog, and attached to the collar round the animal's neck was a pair of reins; these she held in her hands, and the dog directing her course on the ice, she in this way skipped along in very swift and graceful style."



FOILED BY A DOG.

evident anxiety of the dog to get out, she opened it, when the animal, leaping out, caught one of the two intended thieves by the throat and brought him to the ground. His companion, alarmed at his fate and the lusty screams of the young lady for assistance, took to his heels. The piteous cries of the fellow, and his begging to "take off your dog," touched the better feelings of Miss J., and she succeeded in releasing the dog's hold, and retaining him (pity that her humanity was so aroused) until the would-be robber scaled the fence and made his escape, and that before the neighbors, two of whom made their appearance in less than five minutes from the time the dog grappled him, could arrive. On an examination, it was seen that the intention of the thieves was to fire the dwelling, they being aware of the absence of Mr. Sickling, and then to rob the house, as they had probably calculated that the whole family were absent.

A Courageous Woman.

A remarkable instance of presence of mind occurred recently near the town of St. Augustine, Florida. A young lady, desirous of a walk after the heat of the day, took a stroll, book in hand, in the surrounding fields. Being deeply interested in the book she was reading,

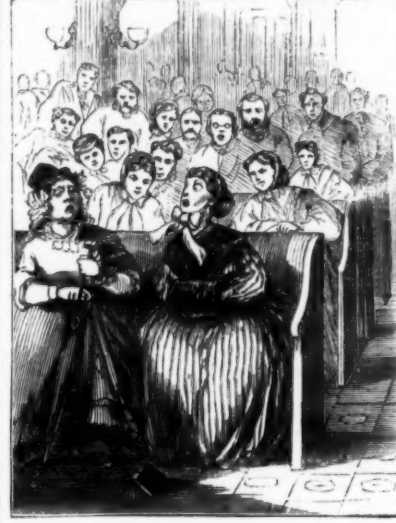


TOO MUCH FOR HER.

West Virginia, was burned by the rebel General Heth, the Greenbrier river has been crossed at that point by means of a ferry. On the 3d of this month the ice in the river seemed about to break up. Mr. Hunter, the owner of the ferry, became afraid that the ferry-rope would be broken by the pressure. To prevent this, he climbed the tree to which one end of the rope was fastened, and cut one of the coils with his knife. It is supposed that the heavy cable, in unwinding, struck him upon the head with such force as to produce instant death.

Too Much for Her.

A good story is related of a prudish old maid in Providence, R. I., who applied at a certain fashionable photograph gallery in that city to have her picture taken. As old maids are generally of a very inquisitive nature, always poking around where they have no business, she accidentally looked into the machine, and to her horror discovered objects that are reflected inverted, or, as she expressed it, "up-side down." She peremptorily refused to sit any more, and adjusting her bonnet ribbons, remarked that "that game was played out. She was not going to be stuck up in that manner if she never had a picture," and with a swing of the "tiller" which would have done credit to a New York



AN EXCITEMENT IN CHURCH.

serious had not the excitement been turned into another channel by the discovery of the fact that the lecturer, who had also acted as door-keeper, had disappeared, and curiously enough, had carried the money with him.

A Tempest in a Tea-Pot.

From Salem, Massachusetts, there comes a story of a favorite cat, who, tempted by the smell of catnip tea, thrust her head into the top of a tea-pot, and after drinking her fill, finding it impossible to withdraw her head, set off in a frightened race up and down-stairs. After creating a great commotion in the house, she was finally relieved from her disagreeable position, though the tea-pot had to be broken to do it. Whether her love of catnip tea would lead her again into so foolish a position, can only be told when the next occasion offers.

An Excitement in Church.

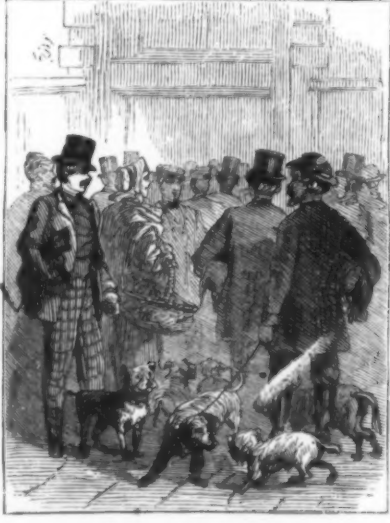
The following scene is thus described in a Philadelphia paper as having occurred in a Methodist church in that city, at the corner of East and First streets, in the third ward: "An evening meeting was in progress there, and in attendance were two women occupying the same pew. One of them suddenly recognized in the



A BIG THING ON ICE.



A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.



A NOVEL LECTURE SCHEME.



A NUT FOR NATURALISTS.

other a person with whom she had accused her husband of having improper intimacy. She determined to have a distinct understanding about the matter there and then, and commenced her accusations against the other in an audible whisper. The responses were equally vehement, and at last the conversation became so vigorous as to disturb the service, and attract the attention of all present. Shortly all attempts to subdue their voices ceased, and the words war raged unrestrained. At length the opponents took a position in the aisles, and commenced a vigorous hand-to-hand fight, scratching, pulling hair and clapperclawing generally. At last they were separated and put out of the church. The object of the late wife's attack appeared before Mayor Morrison and desired to make information against the other for disorderly conduct, but her application was refused.

A Nut for the Naturalists.

A story comes to us of a black snake, which was lately killed at Scottsville, Virginia, while crawling over the snow. It is generally said by naturalists, and currently believed, that snakes never appear in cold weather. Here, however, is an actual story of a snake not only appearing in cold weather, but crawling over the snow. It makes a nut for the naturalists to crack, and in their hands we must leave it.

A WEEK'S PLAIN SEWING.

"Our sewing by the week! Well, I declare, this is a change, but never mind. 'La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux,' and the young lady leaned over the elaborate embroidery pattern, and made tiny punctures with her little ivory stiletto, just for the purpose, it would seem, of sewing them up again; for the maiden's fingers worked nimbly, and the merry air she hummed gave sufficient indication that the heart was light and happy. It was evident at a glance that misfortune had befallen her, for there were lines of grief about the sweet mouth, and an undefinable longing in the depths of blue eyes, which gave a tender expression to the face, and caused the passer-by to desire a second look. She had been liberally educated and well brought up by an uncle and aunt; with the former she was a great favorite, but with her aunt, who had two or three daughters of her own by another marriage, she had always been an especial aversion. A few weeks before our story commences her uncle had died, and she found herself without a home—for just as soon as the funeral was over she was very politely informed that that house could be her residence no longer; so she had tried music-teaching, drawing, school-teaching, with no success; and finally, almost despairing, had let herself out by the week, as plain sewer and embroiderer.

There was nothing new to Fanny Herbert in her present elegant surroundings, for she had been accustomed to wealth and luxury; so she was very much at home here, and the little French clock on the mantel—with the historic muse reclining so gracefully over its dial—had chimed the hour of twelve, before the aristocratic young lady, for whom Fanny was sewing, made her appearance. She came in with a haughty bow, and a scarcely audible good-morning; looked over the pattern of roses and leaves which Fanny had succeeded in sprinkling over the splendid fabric; expressed her admiration in a few well-chosen words; leaned back in her chair, and coolly surveyed our heroine, who, timid and blushing, was nervously trying to work as dexterously as before her entrance.

Fanny had been engaged there over a week, and yet she could not feel at ease in the lady's presence. There was an indefinable something pervading the atmosphere, which Fanny had no name for, but which was a decided barrier to anything like freedom. These articles lying scattered around in such elegant profusion were Miss Florence Deerborn's wedding outfit, and Fanny had engaged to make them all. Miss Florence's affianced, Mr. Harry Donelson, was no more like his promised bride than the loveliest June morning is like the cloudiest midnight. He was warm-hearted, affectionate, intelligent, refined, and fine-looking, unsuspicious, and possessing every necessary manly attribute. Florence had a good figure, a stylish manner of dressing and a handsome face—this was all.

There was nothing lovable in her disposition, and it was the wonder of all Harry Donelson's friends how he could ever be attracted to so unlovable woman; but there was the fact, and it was no one's business but their own; so no friend, however intimate, dared whisper to him of the uncongeniality, knowing too well that love is blind, and that every mortal is compelled to work out his or her experiences, without which trial and knowledge no one would be satisfied.

Florence had hardly taken her eyes from Fanny's face since she first entered the room, and finally remarked, in her indolent manner:

"Miss Herbert, I have been trying to think where I have seen you before; your face is very familiar; were you ever in a fancy store on Broadway?"

"Never, Miss Deerborn."

"Well, I know I have met you somewhere," said the imperious young lady, growing impatient at Fanny's taciturnity.

"Is my face familiar to you, Miss Herbert?"

Fanny could not tell a falsehood; but she had her reasons for not wishing Miss Deerborn to know anything of her former life, so she answered:

"Yes; I think I have met you before."

"If you are not the most provoking person I ever saw. Why do you not inform me where we may have seen each other. It isn't possible that a sewing-girl can be ashamed of any other occupation, can it?" and the laugh was bitter and sarcastic.

The indignant blood mounted to Fanny's temples, and she bit her lips until they almost burst, in the endeavor to restrain her temper; for Fanny was no meek milk-and-water girl, but a dashing, vivacious, high-spirited maiden, who would not receive an insult without returning it with compound interest; so she laid her work in her lap, and looked her tormentor full in the face.

"No, Miss Deerborn, I am not ashamed of my present occupation, or any event in my past life,

although I intended keeping the latter a secret from strangers. The last time I saw you, was at Mrs. Caronthe's soiree, and if I remember rightly, you were very much delighted with some selections from 'Trovatore' and 'Norma' which I gave you."

Miss Deerborn's face would have been a study for a physiognomist then. Surprise and a little shame were written there, and with a hesitancy which she was not often troubled with, she said:

"Well, you really must excuse me. Then you must have experienced some reverse of fortune. Why did you not apply among your friends for a situation as music-teacher? you could have done better at that than plain sewing. I should like you to give me a few lessons, if you have time."

Fanny thanked her, gave the desired promise, and made some inquiry about her work, which conveyed the idea unmistakably that Fanny did not wish to be asked any more questions. It was spring, bright and pleasant, and women with brooms and pails, mops and feather dusters, were engaged in cleaning the aristocratic mansion of Joseph Deerborn, and Fanny was requested to bring her sewing to the library, in order that Miss Florence's boudoir might undergo the renovating process. It was a pleasant change for Fanny, and she looked with delight on the elegant collection of books, and with a sigh, half-pleasure, half-regret, seated herself again to her task. The piano stood open, and the longing was almost irresistible to run her fingers over the keys, but she bravely turned her back to the fascinating rose-wood, and tried to become interested in her embroidery. She heard a gentleman's step in the parlor, and looking up, saw coming toward her, with a pleasant smile of recognition on his handsome face, Harry Donelson. She could not refuse the proffered hand, for there was kindness and good-will in the friendly squeeze.

"Why, what are you doing here, Miss Herbert? You seem to be very busy," his eyes rapidly taking in the lavish display of dry-goods.

Fanny would not look in his face when she replied:

"I am at present sewing for Miss Deerborn."

"Sewing for Miss Deerborn!" and his tone was full of surprise. "Sewing for Miss Deerborn!" he again repeated; "how the deuce did that come about?"

"You know, I suppose, of uncle's death?" and the rosy lips quivered with feeling, and the blue eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Yes, Miss Herbert, I heard of the sad event; but what had that misfortune to do with your present condition?"

"A great deal, sir: after that I had no home."

"Good God!" said Mr. Donelson, "are such things permitted? And did your uncle make no provision for his favorite?"

"His death was very sudden, and I understand no will has been found; though when he was dying he looked at me, and said: 'Fanny, darling, I have looked out for your future.' But I do not know how it is. But I am young and strong, Mr. Donelson, and I shall probably always be able to get enough of this sort of employment."

Harry Donelson paced up and down the room for a few moments, then stopped abruptly before Fanny, and asked:

"Is Miss Deerborn acquainted with these circumstances?"

"She asked me a few questions this morning," replied Fanny.

"Which you answered, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, as well as I was able."

"And after this knowledge, will she allow you to stitch your life away on those confounded things? I shall expect to hear about it."

"I beg, Mr. Donelson, that you will not quarrel with my bread and butter. There seems to be no other resource at present."

Just at this moment Florence came walking in, and comprehending the state of affairs, said, sarcastically:

"Why really, Harry, when did you come in? I got no notice of your presence. Then you are acquainted with Miss Herbert? I hope I have not interrupted a *te-té-té*?"

Fanny shot her a glance full of indignation from her expressive eyes, while Harry gave her a quizzical look, which she defiantly returned.

"I have been talking with Miss Herbert about the terrible change in her circumstances, Florence; and surely you ought to know that this is not fit employment for her"—taking up a breadth of the snowy fabric, and then throwing it impatiently down again.

"Well, really, Mr. Donelson, what do you expect me to do in the premises? I am not responsible for her loss of position. I think if Miss Herbert were to speak the truth, she would inform you that I asked her why she did not get music-teaching to do instead of this; but if she prefers plain sewing, why, surely, that is no concern of mine. I want my sewing done; she proposes to do it for me—what then, Mr. Donelson?"

The young gentleman was evidently astonished at this new phase in his charmer's disposition, and he said, quietly:

"But Florence, we can both interest ourselves to procure music-scholars for Miss Herbert, and that will be ever so much more to her taste than this, I am sure."

"Won't you sing us something?" and he politely offered his arm for Fanny's acceptance.

During the whole of this dialogue Fanny had kept very quiet, occasionally looking from one to the other, as if sorely perplexed and astonished, and now she was utterly at a loss what course to pursue. She looked toward Miss Deerborn, who sat the picture of offended dignity, looking out of the window. Again he repeated:

"Won't you please sing for us, Miss Herbert? I have never forgotten the music you favored us with at the soiree last winter."

Was he doing this to tease Florence? or was he in earnest? which, Fanny could hardly decide, but his manner was so cordial and sympathetic that she could not bear the thought of refusing

him, so without looking again at the indignant queen, she seated herself at the piano, and with a light, dashing prelude, commenced the piece desired. Another followed, and still another, and while singing one of Verdi's most exquisite passages, Mr. Donelson leaning back in his chair entranced, Miss Deerborn arose, pushed back her chair, stalked through the room, opened and closed the folding-doors with a crash, while poor Fanny, suddenly jerked from the heavenly height, where she had been soaring for the last half hour, looked at Mr. Donelson, who appeared not in the least ruffled or disturbed.

"Oh, Mr. Donelson! what have I done? You ought not to have urged me to sing," and Fanny, woman-like, burst into tears.

"Don't be distressed in the least, Miss Herbert; I will go and see what all this means," and Fanny tried to sew again, but the nervous little fingers trembled, and when Mr. Donelson returned with a tiny note in his hand, she felt that he had almost signed and sealed her death-warrant.

"We have both received our dismissal, I think, Miss Herbert," said he, smiling pleasantly; "I have mine at least," and he gave her the note.

She opened it, and read:

"Miss HERBERT—After your artful and unlady-like conduct of this afternoon I can no longer tolerate you under my roof. You will oblige me by leaving at once. Enclosed you will find the amount due for work."

"FLORENCE DEERBORN."

Fanny was just ready to sink, and she passed the note back to Mr. Donelson for perusal. He read it over, and remarked:

"It only needed this to bring about a separation, which will last for ever, Miss Herbert, so don't be distressed on my account. Now, I have a favor to ask of you—that you will accompany me home? You are already acquainted with my sister. Her name is Fanny, too."

But Fanny would not be persuaded, and she started for her boarding-house heavy-hearted and discouraged. Evening came, and with it Harry and his sister Fanny, who would not be denied the pleasure of Miss Herbert's society. Her trunks were removed, and she found herself pleasantly situated among friendly, loving people, who did all in their power to amuse and entertain the solitary orphan. Some pupils were found for her in music, drawing and painting, and she was enabled to be perfectly independent. Never before in her life had she been so happy. Harry was home every evening, and music, reading and conversation occupied the hours. Fanny was a good reader as well as singer, and an accomplished conversationalist. Harry was appreciative, and no one could wonder that he sought her society, and that every hour he could spare from business was devoted to her.

Fanny had been with them six months, and although she and Harry had become exceedingly intimate and friendly, there had never been a word said of love, and Fanny, whose heart had gone out to him from the commencement, began to think he only regarded her with common friendship.

One evening they had just returned from the opera, where they had had the extreme pleasure of beholding Miss Deerborn in her most elegant and *recherché* toilet, and Fanny, who was something of a tease, had made allusion to his former fondness for her. When they arrived home the household had retired, and Harry assisted to remove her wrappings, for it was a bitter cold night; then said, as he seated himself by her:

"Fanny Herbert, I have a little story to tell you," and he drew his chair suspiciously near.

"The story isn't a long one, dear, so you needn't yawn and push away. It commences with I, and ends with you; and the middle word is love, and altogether means that—I love you. And I desire very earnestly that you tell me you can return it."

The eyes drooped their fringed lids a moment, and she mischievously asked:

"But Miss Deerborn, Harry? Didn't you make the same professions to her?"

"That is neither here nor there, Fanny. You have sense enough to know that I never loved her, or I could not have forgotten her so soon."

So, in the sober midnight, with the fire burning low in the library grate, the chandeliers just dimly lighted, they plighted their troth; and neither have ever had reason to say aught against the fate which sent Fanny Herbert out to plain-sewing.

Modern Honors to Cervantes in Spain.

SOME years since a statue was erected to Cervantes in Spain, and the historian, Antonio Cavanilles, took occasion to mention the opinion of the ghost of the great Spaniard on the matter in a dialogue held between them.

"During my life they left me in poverty. Now they raise statues which are of no manner of use to me, and they never celebrate a mass for the repose of my soul—a thing of which I have much need."

Whether the Marquis de Molina, the same gentleman who superintended the editions of "Don Quixote" at Argamasilla, took this appeal to heart or not, it is certain that since the year 1863 a solemn High Mass and Office have been celebrated for the above-mentioned purpose before the Royal Academy of Madrid. M. Antoine de Latour, in his "Etudes Littéraires sur l'Espagne Moderne," has left an account of one of these solemnities, some particulars of which are worth being presented.

In 1616 Cervantes was interred in the church of the Convent of the Trinitarians, where his daughter had taken the veil. Some fifteen years afterward the community removed to the site now occupied by them, and the impression is strong that in the removal of the remains of the poet were brought to their new house, his daughter being alive, or but recently dead at the time. In the chapel of their convent the annual solemnity takes place on the 16th April. The convent stands in the street called after Cervantes's contemporary and dramatic rival, Lope de Vega. We proceed with M. de Latour's account of what he witnessed.

Our visitor found the chapel hung with black cloth trimmed with gold fringe. In the centre was a catafalque on which rested the habit of St. Francis borne

by Cervantes during the last three years of his life, a sword, prison-fetters, a laurel, and a copy of the first edition of "Don Quixote." At each corner of the catafalque stood a disabled soldier (Spaniards as well as French know the value of dramatic arrangement), and at each side, and extending the whole length of the chapel, ran two lines of seats for the members of the various academies.

At the lower end of the chapel, on seats connecting the extremities of the long rows mentioned, sat the Alcalá, the Rector of the University, and the Curé of Alcalá de Henares, Cervantes's birthplace, where the extract of his baptism was discovered some time since.

Among the remarkable personages met to celebrate the occasion, M. de Latour noticed the Marquis de Molina, its institutor; M. Hartzenbuch, a dramatic poet, an idolizer of Cervantes, and the zealous superintendent of the two Argamasilla editions of the Don; Ventura de la Vega, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, whose ancestor fought at Lepanto, and Antonio Cavanilles, the eminent historian before-mentioned. Seated behind the academicians were the most illustrious ladies of Spain, all appropriately attired in mourning dress.

The Archbishop of Seville celebrated High Mass, the different parts of which were accompanied with music as old as the days of Cervantes himself. The distinguished composer, Don Francisco Asenjo Barbieri, had sought these pieces out with much trouble, some of them having for a long time been only heard in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. We subjoin the openings of some of these, with the authors and dates.

Regem cui omnia vivunt (the King by whom all things live) was composed by Don Melchior Robledo, Chapel Master in Saragossa in 1569, the same year when Cervantes's little collection of elegiac poems on Queen Isabella appeared.

Domine in furore tuo (Lord (rebuke) me not in thy fury) was the composition of Don Andres Lorente, organist in Alcalá de Henares, Cervantes's birthplace. He himself probably heard it sung there in his youth.

Vivam ad in factum cithara mea (my harp has changed to sorrow) was composed for the funeral of Philip II. by Don Alfonso Lobo.

Libera me (deliver me), the composition of Don Matias Romero, Chapel Master to Philip III., dates from about the death of Cervantes.

Don Francisco de Paula Benavides, the young bishop of Sigüenza, preached the sermon. Taking his text from St. Paul, "Being dead he still speaketh through faith," he proceeded with the panegyric of the great-souled poet and soldier, and of all the illustrious dead who have honored Spain by their writings. He did not neglect to interest the nuns, who were listening with all their might behind their lattices. Their order had been instrumental in restoring the brave Saavedra to his country, and to their exertions Spain and the world were in part indebted for the "Don Quixote" and the "Exemplary Novels." They possessed the remains of the poet in their house, and thus bound to his memory they must not omit the care of his salvation in their prayers. The delivery of the discourse, according to M. Latour, was marked with a noble simplicity, and a manner combining sweetness with vigor.

Next morning he returned to the convent, hoping to be gratified with the sight of Cervantes's tomb. Alas! he learned that when the remains were transferred from the old house, sufficient attention was not paid to keep them apart from those of others who were removed along with them. So, though it is morally certain that the present convent of the Trinitarians guards all that remains of the body, once so full of life and active energy, they are now undistinguishable from the relics of the nameless individuals who had received interment in the same building.

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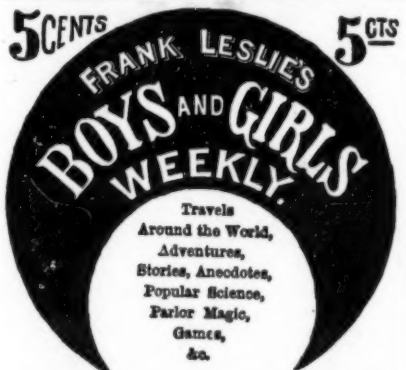
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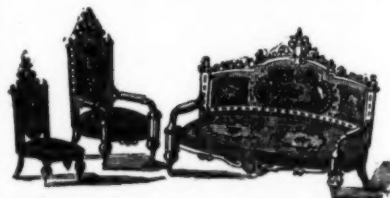
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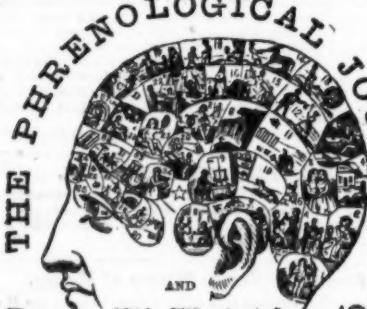
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